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THE NEW LESSON.

BY RITA.

You are learning a lesson, maiden fair,
  Though a school-girl never more—
Learning a lesson with all your heart
  Which you never have learned before.
The sunbeams herald the gladsome day,
And over the waters ripple and play,
While you are conning with heart so gay
  Your sweet new lesson o'er.

Many a letter your hand has held
  From school-girl lover and friend,
And many a promise, merry and true,
  Your own little hand has penned,
But there are letters and letters, and you
Are learning the difference 'tween the old and new,
And studying over with heart so true
  The story which knows no end.

You are "somebody's queen, fair, gracious, sweet,"
  You know, for the letter you hold,
In every line, and over and o'er,
  The same sweet truth hath told.
'Tis easy to study a lesson like this
Since learning it brings such a measure of bliss,
And the learning is helped with a lover's kiss;
  No wonder it cannot grow old.

As the morning heralds the full bright day,
  You stand with your hopes and fears
On the very threshold of womanhood,
  Crowned with your eighteen years,
Which have gathered you laurels one by one,
Till the days of your childish plans are done,
And the work of your womanhood scarce begun,
  Either for smiles or tears.

So keep your secret—'tis all your own—
  But the smiles that dimple your cheek,
And the happy light in your eyes, betray
  What your lips refuse to speak,
And the sun shall gleam and glimmer and play
Over the waters far away,
Till, at the close of the happy day,
  A lover his love will seek.

A SHADOWED LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR WESTWOOD'S SECRET," "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "HEARTS AND CORONETS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

SHE let her hand stay in her cousin's whilst she said this. She stood in the drooping feminine way which always provoked Feena, looking up at the tall young fellow, as if appealing to his manly power and strength from the lower level of her meek, helpless womanhood; her eyes, looking expressively into his, said a hundred things if he choose to interpret them. And Geordie felt the softly-insinuated flattery, and the touch of the little white velvet hand stirred his big honest heart, and the glamor of the deep dark eyes gave him a pleasant glow and sensation.

He looked down at the dainty white figure, so soft and womanly in all its pretty details; and he pressed the little hand before he released it—in a cousinly way, of course; for Lieutenant Geordie was not in love with Christie any more than his father was—only there was in his intercourse with her the sort of latent charm and fascination which hangs like a subtle perfume about a man's associations with some women, which made cousin Christie's welcome now such a very different thing from Feena's of a minute or two ago.

Feena, standing by, unnoticed and forgotten, was perfectly conscious of the difference and resented it, whilst, with feminine intuition, she understood and despised its source.

Honest Geordie called that source gratitude on this occasion—on another he would be at no loss to find a new name for it.

"Thanks, Christie, for your care of poor Mervyn. It's rough on him all this, poor old fellow; but it will soon be set to rights. How is he?"

"He has roused this evening for the first time," Christie answered, with an almost imperceptible glance of caution towards Feena.

"He has come to his senses? Then he will know me!" Geordie said joyfully.

"Yes, he will know you. But his mind has hardly come back yet. He is weak, and he has delusions," Christie answered, with the careful reticence of a skilled nurse. "When he rouses again, you must give him the beef-tea and jelly which I have left by the bedside; and don't let him talk."

Christie had followed her cousin a few steps as he moved on, and, as she said these words, she laid a light touch on his arm and dropped her voice to a confidential whisper which excluded Feena. Christie was the sort of woman with whom it was very pleasant to have a confidence, and Geordie went on with a murmured "All right," and without suspecting any deeper meaning in the emphasised words.

Then Christie caught Feena and kissed her affectinately before she had time to defend herself. Nobody could say that Christie was not always sweet and charming to her own sex; her graces and fascinations were not reserved for the masculine gender alone, as are some women's.

"I wonder," said Feena to Janet, when the sisters were shut into their own room that night, "what Christie means by that phrase which has taken such hold of papa that she means to do something with her life? I should like to know—wouldn't you Janet?—what is in Christie's mind which has to do with her life."

Feena was standing before the looking-glass, brushing the long waving tresses of her brown hair out of the plaits in which they had been wrapped all day.

"Do you suppose papa knows what she means?"

"It's a fine phrase," Feena said contemptuously as she tossed a rippling cataract of hair back over her shoulder. "It may be sphinx-like; I fancy it is."

"Feena, why are you so hard on Christie always?" the gentler Janet answered. "She has at least made a good beginning. I feel ashamed sometimes when I look at her; she will have a better account to give of her life than we shall of ours, I think."

"Probably," Feena remarked drily. "The Indian, I believe reckons the success of his life by the number of scalps which hang at his belt. Perhaps Christie's account may be made up in the same way."

"Feena!"

"I have an odd fancy about Christie," said Feena, leaning her elbow on the dressing-table and looking straight before her and beyond where Janet sat fair and plump and dainty, in her white lace-trimmed dressing-gown. "You have heard of a velvet glove and a hand of steel, Janet. Well, Christie always make me think of a velvet body with a skeleton of steel inside. It is a queer fancy, is it not?"

"It is—very uncomfortable," said Janet, whose strong point was not command of language!

"She is soft and smooth," Feena went on with a laugh—"all velvet and cream. And yet sometimes I can hear the crank of the steel bones underneath. Papa and Geordie would tell you that Christie is all tenderness and softness, all heart and feeling; but I think I know, Janet, that if she once gripped anything—a heart, say—that she had set her mind upon she would crush it into quivering atoms rather than let it go from her again."

"Feena, don't say such horrid things!" remonstrated Janet, getting up and shivering. "And of Christie too! It does not seem right."

"No, it doesn't seem right," Feena assented, with some show of relenting; "we won't do it. But there are horrid things all about us just now. I declare I am getting to be afraid of my own shadow; and perhaps my imagination is hardly fair upon poor Christie in consequence. Let's go to bed."

Meanwhile Sir James Armstrong and his son watched in the sick-room; and when the patient next opened his eyes, it was upon the familiar apparition of his friend and "chum" Geordie.

"Armstrong! Is it you, old fellow?" he exclaimed, stretching out a rather shaky hand to greet him.

"Then the whole thing was a dream—the pretty nurse, and—and all the rest—and I am in the old quarters after all! What has happened to me? Have I been seedy?"

"Rather," responded his friend laconically; "and, look here, Mervyn, the pretty nurse was not a dream, but a reality. She has laid her commands upon me not to allow you to talk. She is commanding officer here, you know. You are to drink beef-tea and to go to sleep—a rather limited programme, but all the easier to follow."

"Tell me one thing—what is the matter with me?"

"Well, you have had a knock on the head—rather a hard knock," Geordie intimated.

"How did I get it?"

"That's the point," returned his friend, "which I think the commanding officer was particular we should not enter upon just at present. More beef-tea? No? Then more sleep! I believe those are the only alternatives she mentioned. Good night, old fellow!"

Geordie shifted the lamp and sat himself down resolutely, with folded arms and closed eyes, to discourage all attempt at conversation—Sir James was already slumbering soundly in the depths of Christie's arm-chair behind the screen. Tempest Mervyn lay quiet, searching, groping still in the dim clouded depths of his consciousness for the explanation Armstrong would not give. His eyes wandered round the room. Geordie, sleeping, or pretending to sleep, in a carved high-backed chair, was the only familiar object. The ancestor, graceful, magnificent, with James-the-First curls overshadowing his narrow forehead, and a steel breast-plate worn incongruously—inconveniently it struck Tempest, with the irrelevance of sick thought—over a satin doublet, the high old-fashioned bureau the diamond-paned windows plainly patterned by the moonlight upon the white blinds—all these did not belong to the hut at Aldershot—although Geordie did.

"Armstrong," said Mervyn suddenly, "one question—only one. Where am I?"

"You are at Woodford Priory—my father's place," Geordie answered succinctly.

"How the deuce did I come here?"

"Number two trenches on forbidden ground too—commanding officer!" Geordie grunted sleepily.

Tempest shut his eyes upon the flickering shadows, upon the obtrusive presence of the ancestor, whose black bead-like eyes were beginning to haunt him, and went back resolutely to a point in the mists of his mind from which perhaps he could find his road again.

He is at St. Cloud, wandering in the sweet April sunshine beneath the budding trees with Estelle, looking down upon the lovely face, clasping the yielding hands. That at least is real. She is promising him to be faithful, to wait, to trust.

"Though guilt and shame were on thy name,
I'd still be true."

What is this foolish refrain which comes all unbidden into his mind now, as it did once before? It buzzes about his brain like a wasp, it fills his ears, it comes back again and again, until the repetition wearies, nauseates him. "Though guilt and shame." Tush! How a line of poetry will torment one at times!

What came next after St. Cloud and Estelle? Dearest, sweetest Estelle! How exquisitely lovely she looked when he saw her last, with that brown hat set on her graceful little head and the violet eyes looking up at him through misty tears, tears of sorrow for the parting from him. Give her up! Break his engagement! His father—the Duke—Madame de Rougemont! His mind was all abroad again; he brought it back with an effort to the track. What was that about giving up his engagement? His father! He remembered now; he met him on the railway after the crossing and the fog, and—and—he was on the heels of the truth now, following it up. It was as if he suddenly turned a corner and met it face to face.

"Armstrong, Armstrong! Great Heaven, what is it? Did I—— He was violent, outrageous, insulting,—did we fight, he and I—the old man? Oh, Heaven—my father too! Did he strike me? He threatened it, I know. Did I—lose—my—senses, Armstrong, and —— Merciful powers, am I losing them now? I saw him dead—dead!"

His voice, faint and slow at first, had risen to a wild half-hysterical shriek: he was sitting up in the bed clutching the air with his clenched hands; a great horror was in his wild eyes, a ghastly dread in his drawn pallid face. The two men, father and son, who had started up at his first cry, stood, one on either side of the bed, staring across at each other, scared for the moment out of all self-possession.

"'Though guilt and shame were on thy name'"

gasped Mervyn, going back to the haunting line. "Armstrong, is this what you would not tell me? "No"—with a strong shudder—"it is not possible! Not even his provocation! Heaven, how he spoke of—of her! I would have killed any other man who had dared to do so. But he was my father; I was nearly mad, I know; I have such a temper too—and he roused it. But, Armstrong, Geordie, tell me—I was not so mad as—as—that? Speak, man, quick, or I shall go mad now!"

It was the young Armstrong who recovered himself first. He bent over his friend.

"Mervyn, lie down again," he said in a tone of authority. "This is another of your bad dreams. Father, shut the door and lock it; that woman has heard, and she is coming. Mervyn, look here; this is what has happened to you. You were coming up from Folkstone in the boat-train; it ran off the rails near here; there was an awful smash—an accident, in fact. You were hurt, and the General is—dead."

"Killed? Thank Heaven!" ejaculated Tempest, falling back upon his pillows with a great sob. "Then I—did not kill him?"

"You saw him afterwards," Geordie said evasively, "just before you went off yourself. The sight haunted you, no doubt. Here, drink this"—holding a draught to his lips; "and, Mervyn, now that I have disobeyed orders and told you all this, keep quiet and don't talk in this wild way before the women—the nurse, I mean. It may shock them, you know."

"Yes, yes, I understand. There is no fear now that that horror has been lifted off me. Poor old boy! I wish—I wish, Armstrong, that we had parted differently."

"Hush!" said Geordie warningly, "Will you open the door, sir?"—to his father. "I suppose we must let her in."

The nurse was knocking; she came in, with an anxious look towards the bed.

"I thought I heard my patient, and that you might want me," she said.

"He has been a little excited; but he is quiet again," Sir James answered. "We shall do very well now, I think. It is a pity you were disturbed."

The woman—she was a trained hospital nurse from a London institution—felt the patient's pulse and shook her head over it.

"I had better come back to him," she said. "The pulse has gone up to a hundred and twenty."

"Yes," remarked Geordie Armstrong,

"he had a bad dream"—with a meaning look at Mervyn.

"He seems all right again now. I'll finish the night with him. Sir James will go to bed; won't you, sir?"

The nurse hesitated; but the patient seemed calm again, and she had watched three nights in succession and was tired.

"If he should dream again, there is a sedative draught here, sir; Mr. Cooper left it," she said, looking for the bottle.

"Oh, you have given it! My room is at the end of the corridor; you will call me if he should be restless? I am easily awakened." And Geordie Armstrong drew a deep breath as she closed the door behind her.

CHAPTER VI.

AT St. Cloud it was still spring, and the sun was shining. It was shining warm and bright upon Estelle Verney as she stood at her window. She had thrown it open to let in the golden flood in all its glory, and the joyous stream was bathing her hands and kissing her beautiful hair.

Down below Monsieur Dutertre, in his ochre-colored blouse, was sauntering round examining the ivy and well-kept greenery in his little garden.

There was not much to look at in the few square yards of space enclosed within four ivy-covered walls—just a half-dozen or so of rose-trees, only budding as yet, and a few tufts of gray lavender and shabby half-starved camomile, set in the little box-bordered beds, and a row of small-leaved evergreen shrubs in green tubs ranged on either side of the steps leading into the house.

But Monsier Dutertre found a good deal apparently to interest him in these unpromising materials.

Up above, Estelle had a wider view. Beyond the large green-shuttered house to the right ran the broad blue-gray Seine, with the sunshine sparkling and dancing over it.

Little steamboats, glancing red and green, like big brightly-colored humming-birds in the sun, gay and bright, as everything French must needs be, plied merrily to and fro with a little splash and bustle.

Over beyond the sprinkled water, the opposite shore showed trim and green and beyond the roofs of Boulogne the dense brown tree-waves of the Bois closed in and fringed the view.

Estelle stood gazing over beyond the tufted horizon of trees, with a great wistful longing looking out of the violet depths of her eyes.

Dutertre, glancing up at her, drew up his tongue with a little "click" which expresses French pity and concern, and said to himself—

"Ah, the poor little thing! She is waiting for the post. She looks always for the letter which does not come. The fine young gentleman had the air of being so earnest, so devoted too! Can it be that the English are volage? Or it is perhaps that madame wills the letter should not come? Monsieur le Duc is rich; he adores mademoiselle, as is plain to be seen; and the handsome Englishman is not a good parti, Mademoiselle Florine says. Ah but madame knows best her affairs, and she is but young!"

Dutertre laid his finger on the side of his nose reflectively and sagaciously and shrugged his shoulders. He was inquisitive and officious, but sympathetic withal; moreover he was kept in excellent order by the work-worn capable wife who had always taken the burden of the house upon her spare bent shoulders.

Her sad lean face looked out now from the door, and her sharp high-pitched voice called to the overgrown lad who loved play so much better than work—

"Jean, Jean, what doest thou there, loitering like an imbecile as thou art? And, behold, the letters for madame wait for thee!"

A pile of letters and papers were in her hand. Estelle's heart beat fast as she heard Dutertre's slippered feet run lightly up the stairs.

Going to the door to meet him, she took the pile from his hand, but she did not attempt to sort it until the *concierge* had concluded his profuse morning civilities and had gone his way again.

Then she turned back into her room and looked through the heap, growing whiter and whiter as she looked.

It was true then that he did not write! She had had a little ghost of a suspicion—after the manner of Dutertre—that perhaps Madame de Rougemont might be responsible for this inexplicable silence which was wearing her heart out.

She was ashamed of this suspicion now that she had seen for herself that no letter really came.

She had had only one letter from him in all her life; their sweet love-story had all been told in spoken words, in blissful interviews, each one marked in her memory. Yet she knew the bold, clear handwriting; she could never mistake it for any other. It was not there amongst all that heap of unimportant correspondence—she had seen that at a glance.

It was now nearly a fortnight since he had gone away, yet there had come but one letter from him—the long, lover-like, ardent epistle with which he broke through madame's prohibition, scribbled in pencil during his night-journey, and posted at Folkstone immediately after his arrival.

Since that there had been nothing. She had tormented herself night and day with fears of everything excepting his love and constancy.

It did not enter her mind to doubt these—happily for her. Her own faith and love were too strong.

Now, as she sat with the heap of letters in her lap—all madame's notes of invitation, milliners' bills, announcements of *fetes*, two or three newspapers—one English—an envelope with a big coronet in purple and gold over the monogram "E. G."—she lost herself—lost even her disappointment in living over again the last happy wonderful year of her life.

She was going through her love-story, feeling the magical touch which had changed her whole existence into a very Paradise of sweetness and beauty.

A year ago her life-fate came to her. A year before that she had thought she could never be happy again when she lost the mother by whom her childhood had been carefully guarded and tenderly nurtured, and great changes had come to her therefrom—greater than she had ever dreamt of as possible even.

She was an only child, and her mother, nearly heart-broken by the death of her husband, had then retired to a quiet country place presided over by the husband of a dear old school-friend, and had devoted herself to the training of her child, holding in her retirement little or no intercourse with the few relatives she possessed, and least of all with Madame de Rougemount, her husband's sister.

Madame had resided for many years in France, and her sister-in-law and she were strangers to each other.

Their lives, their tastes, habits, feelings, were all apart. Mrs. Verney loved her quiet English home, Madame de Rougemont could exist only in excitement and gaiety.

Yet, when Mrs. Verney died suddenly, and madame heard that her orphan daughter was left alone, she sent her maid over with many pretty messages and written offers of a home, affection, and all the delights of life in Paris—"the ante-chamber of Paradise," as its votaries call it—to her young niece.

The last inducement did not weigh much with the young girl, heart-broken at the first great sorrow of her life, but the first two did: and, after a consultation with her mother's friend Clara Wilmer, she decided to accept her aunt's offer.

"I wish you could stay with us, dear," the Rector's wife had said; "but the children are noisy, I know"—apologetically—"and there are a great many of them, and it is a dull, buried sort of an existence for a young thing like you.

"It is very different for me, you know: I have my family—and John. But, for you, all the world is before you. And John thinks it is right that you should accept this offer.

"You ought to know your father's relatives—they have a claim on you, he says. Madame de Rougemont has no children; she writes that she is lonely; you may be a dear comfort to her, Estelle—I know you will be.

"And your duty is first to your own people, John says"—John being always Clara's oracle. "And, oh, my darling"—breaking down into tears—"I am so sorry to let you go! But I suppose it is right."

So Estelle, thus speeded, went, quitting little Hawarden and all the friends of her childhood with bitter-blinding tears, followed by the envy of some, the good wishes of all.

When she got to her new home, she wondered what had made her aunt send for her; she seemed so out of place with her sad heart and her mourning garb in madame's gay salon—so much in the way in madame's restless self-absorbed life.

But Madame knew her affairs, as Dutertre had remarked. She had heard of the beauty of her brother's child; she knew the prestige of the chaperonage of a young and beautiful girl with just sufficient dowry to prevent her being absolutely ineligible in French society, was worth. She had grown tired; she wanted a new excitement, a new interest in her life, and Estelle offered it at the right moment.

"It is the most exquisite face in the world!" she exclaimed to herself when Estelle emerged from her travelling-wraps and submitted herself to the inspection of her new relative.

"She is graceful too, perfectly unconscious and well trained—a gentlewoman at the first glance. All she wants is a French toilet and a little less English reserve and stiffness.

"There is a charming simplicity about her and a freshness which is positively adorable. Those complexions of pearl and rose-leaves do not exist out of England. She will make quite a sensation here."

"My aunt is kindness itself," Estelle wrote to Clara Wilmer. "She received me in the most affectionate way. It made me cry a little; but she seemed to understand. Her home is very beautiful. I have never seen anything so charming; it is like a fairy-tale.

"And she is beautiful too; and one likes beautiful things. I wonder darling mother never knew aunt Estelle; she says she has been so lonely in a foreign country away from all her relatives.

"But I suppose, having married a Frenchman, she was obliged to adopt his country whilst he lived, and, after his death, had grown accustomed to it, and preferred it. Certainly it is very gay and bright and beautiful here; but, oh, I love dear Hawarden best, and I think of you all and of that dear spot under the yew-tree a hundred times a day! You and little Dorothy will not forget to water the forget-me-nots, will you?"

"Her heart is right," Clara Wilmer said, as she handed the letter to her husband. "I was a little jealous when I read about the beautiful aunt and the beautiful home—jealous for the dead mother, I mean, and a little bit perhaps for myself"—looking round on her shabby carpets, worn by children's feet, and her faded curtains.

"I could not bear Estelle to forget, or to like the flesh-pots of Egypt best. I should feel as if our own Dorothy had been unfaithful.

"I am glad she can be happy there," the Vicar remarked.

"And so am I," said his wife heartily.

And Estelle was happy, in spite of tender memories and yearning regrets of and oft-swelling tears; for Paris was like a scene of enchantment, and madame was kind and caressing, and the German Spa, where they spent the summer amongst various nationalities and in the heart of a picturesque region, was full of charm and novelty for the young girl.

She wrote long accounts of everything and of everybody back to Hawarden, colored by her enthusiasm and by the unsuspecting faith of her youth and inexperience, and her friends were satisfied for her.

Then, her first year of mourning being over, madame brought her back to Paris and introduced her into society. She was a great success, and Madame was triumphant. Young attaches went mad after her, susceptible Frenchmen were at her feet. The beautiful Englishlady was the centre of attraction at every salon and soiree of the season.

Her charming simplicity, her fresh exquisite beauty, her grace and sweetness, took the hearts of men by storm. Madame de Rougemont, according to the French matrimonial etiquette, received in as many months half a dozen proposals of marriage for her beautiful niece, and rejected them all.

For madame knew that better things than any of these would come by-and-by, and she could afford to wait; she was in no hurry. Such beauty as Estelle's was worth a coronet; and, under Madame de Rougemont's chaperonage, such a prize was quite within her reach, as madame justly calculated.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Gerard's Secret.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

IT was in a luxuriously furnished room where a glowing grate threw genial light and warmth upon the occupants, that Gerard Langton, lawyer and millionaire, listened with bated breath and pallid cheeks to a low and melodious voice that told the story of a life.

Beside him, a beautiful woman of about thirty, yet ten years younger than Mr. Langton, reclined in a low cushioned chair, her dress, her attitude, both speaking of the ease wealth gives, but her face full of the deepest anguish, as her lips recounted this story.

"You love me," she said, gently yet sadly, "and I love you as I never loved anyone before, although I am a widow.

"That you know, but you did not know my husband's name. By my uncle's last request I dropped it and took his, with the property he left me.

"Do not look at me tenderly Gerard, do not shake my voice or my heart, for when you know who I am, you will not repeat the offer you have made me, and which, Heaven is my witness, I tried to avert."

"I love you, and it is because I do love you that I will not let you link your honorable name with that of the wretch who was my husband.

"I was very young—not sixteen—when he came to make a visit to some friends living at Grassbank.

"Uncle Richard had a country seat near the village.

"I first met Alexander at a picnic, where he was the very life of the party, everybody's cavalier, courteous to all, full of wit and animation and service for all.

"I believe every girl at the grounds thought she had captivated him, his attentions were so well divided, and yet so impressive to each one. He claimed to be no more than a salesman in a large wholesale house with a good salary, but he had the manners of a gentleman, a good education, and the most perfect beauty of face and form that I ever saw in a man.

"It was not long before it was evident that he wished to win my love, and he had an easy task.

"Such love as a child of sixteen can give, I gave him.

"He was the impersonation of every hero of poetry and fiction with whom my limited reading had made me familiar. School-girl like, I had made an ideal hero, and fitted this, my first admirer, with all his imaginary perfections.

"From the first, Uncle Richard disliked him, pronouncing him false and shallow, and assuring me that my personal attractions had not won his heart; but that the fact of my being heiress to a large property had gained me the protestations in which I so firmly believed.

"It is painful story to me now, Gerard. Let it suffice that I lived in a world of delicious dreams while Alexander remained at Grassbank. When he left, he carried my promise to be his wife at Christmas.

"I think if my money had depended upon Uncle Richard that my marriage might have been prevented by his threatening to disinherit me, but both from my father and my mother I had inherited money that made me independent, in a pecuniary sense, of his control or consent.

"Most grudgingly, however, my uncle did consent, after searching inquiry about Alexander, resulting in no worse report than that his employers thought him fast, idle, and to be a fortune-hunter. Even then, my dear uncle would have protected my fortune by setting it strictly upon myself; but with the reckless generosity of extreme youth I refused to have this done. Never, I was firmly convinced, would my adored Alexander wrong me in any way.

"For a year after the splendid wedding that made me Alexander's wife I was very happy.

"I was too ignorant of the value of money to understand that we were living far beyond our income, and enjoyed to the utmost the luxuries surrounding me—the constant gaity that was in such strong contrast to the school routine from which I had just been released.

"Then 'began a neglect, often a quarreling, when I objected to my husband's course of conduct—his drinking, his extravagance and his late hours. Still, I found my own pleasures in society and a renewal of some of my favorite studies, especially languages and music. I was fond, too, of water-color painting, and made presents to my friends of specimens of my skill in that line.

"It was four years after my marriage when I was thunderstruck by Alexander's asking me to request a loan of money from Uncle Richard, with the information added that every penny of my property was gone. Since then I have known that a large proportion of it was lost at the gaming-tables.

"Day after day the request was renewed, but I would not yield. Upon my marriage Uncle Richard had sold his city residence and taken up a permanent abode at Grassbank, where, knowing my husband to be an unwelcome guest, I never visited him. I wrote occasionally, but the love of years, like that of father and child, had been so sadly strained by my persistence in marrying Alexander, that even our correspondence was languid and commonplace.

"I would not, therefore, write to him to ask a favor that I knew would not have been necessary without criminal recklessness of expenditure, and each refusal made my husband more furious.

"Then came an overwhelming blow. Alexander forged a check, and drew two thousand pounds of Uncle Richard's money from the bank.

"I do not think my uncle would ever have prosecuted him had he guessed who was the forger; but he handed the whole matter over to law as soon as it was discovered that the check was forged.

"It was traced to Alexander, and at the same time it was found that he had robbed in the same way his former employers. He had given up all work upon his marriage; but when he found himself without money, his knowledge of the business enabled him to forge the check of Dorkins and Co.

"Even if Uncle Richard had spared him for my sake, this other forgery would have enthled him to penal servitude.

"He was sentenced to seven years, and Uncle Richard took me home, full of heavenly pity and forgiveness for the child who had treated him so ungratefully."

"Then your husband is in prison?" asked Gerard in a hard, strained voice.

"No, no; he is dead! He died within the first year. Uncle Richard saw the death in the paper, and sent the money for his burial. No; I am free; but none the less I am the widow of a convicted felon."

"But none the less," quoted Gerard, "the woman I love and honor above all others, and hope still to make my wife."

It took, however, more than one interview, full of lover's pleading, to win Maude from her resolution.

She so honored her lover, was so proud of his good name and the position he had attained by his talent, that her sensitive nature shrank from even the shadow of her own misery falling upon his life.

But the victory was won at last, and the lawyer walked home one evening full of a proud, glad joy, for Maude had promised to be his wife.

"If you are willing to take Alexander Hull's widow for your wife," she had said, "I will not oppose you longer, for I love you with all my heart."

He had no thought but of that glad triumph when he turned up the gas in his office. He was in the habit of making a last visit there before going up to his bedroom, in case notes or messages had been left for him. One lay there on this evening, a shabby-looking envelope, but directed in a bold, handsome hand that he recognized at once.

He tore it open. After a few words of introduction the note ran:—

"You did the best you could for me on my trial, but the facts were too strong for you. I have now a last favor to ask of you. I die, as you know, at noon to-morrow. You, as my lawyer, can see me at any time. Will you come as soon as you receive this, and win the gratitude of the man you know as JAMES FOX."

"The man I know as James Fox," muttered the lawyer; 'the smooth, plausible scoundrel who actually made me believe him innocent of the hideous murder for which he was convicted.

"I can find extenuation for some murders, but this cold-blooded assassination of an old man for money only was revolting.

"How he deceived me, though, for a time! And how he exulted over his success in doing so when, as he says, facts were too strong! Shall I go to him? I suppose I must. It is still early."

It was not yet midnight when Gerald Langton was ushered into the cell of the man who in a few short hours was to meet the extreme penalty of the law for the worst of crimes.

Yet there was nothing revolting in the appearance of the criminal.

His dress was neat, his hair carefully arranged, his moustache faultless, his hands white and refined-looking.

He rose from his seat upon the bed as his lawyer entered his cell.

"I knew you would come," he said, courteously, "though you were offended at my

want of frankness. Well, that is all over! You will not refuse the last request of a dying man, Mr. Langton?"

"Not if I can grant it," was the reply.

"This," said the murderer, "is not my first offence against the law.

"Some years ago I was sentenced for a term of years for a forgery. By a strange accident I escaped the penalty. On the same day James Fox was sentenced to two years for petty larceny and we went together to prison James Fox—my companion, understood not myself—was deranged, but his lawyers had not been able to save him, as his aberration was not always apparent

"When we were entered upon the books of the prison, imagine my amusement when my fellow-prisoner gave my name, for his own.

"Like a flash I saw the advantage to be gained by the deception, and allowed the error to pass. My companion committed suicide, and I escaped with two years' imprisonment, instead of seven.

"But I feared recognition, and went to Canada. There I lived by my wits until a year ago, when I returned here to try to raise money from my wife, and thought I saw an easier plan by committing the crime for which I die to-morrow. I want to see my wife. I wronged her—I robbed her—but Heaven is my witness I loved her. When I was put in prison she dropped my name, and took her own again. So it is not for Mrs. Alexander Hull you must go, but for Mrs. Maude Temple.

"She is my wife! I would bid her farewell."

"She is not your wife! Your own crimes have released her from any allegiance to you!"

"You know her?"

"Yes! I know what she has suffered, and beg of you to let her still believe you died years ago."

"She is happy?"

"Scarcely that. Such wounds as hers never heal entirely, but it is cruelty to tear them open when they are quiet!"

"Has she married again?"

"No. She is still your widow!"

"It is hard to deny myself one more sight of her face, and the hope I had that she would say she forgave me!"

"Think of her, not of yourself!"

There was a long silence in the cell.

Every throb of Gerald Langton's heart was a pain to him, but Alexander Hull sat in moody silence, evidently reluctant to give up his wish.

At last he spoke.

"You have been very good to me. Tell me, now, if you have any personal reason for your request. Perhaps—you love her?"

"I do!" was the brief reply. "She has promised to be my wife!"

"Then it will be James Fox who is hanged to-morrow! I meant to give my real name up, but I will carry my secret to my grave. It may be in another world even this little last self-denial will be a plea for me. Go now. You may trust me."

And he kept his word, and he kept his secret.

When Maude a few weeks later became his wife, she little guessed the terrible ordeal which he had spared her, or the added disgrace that belonged to the name she had given up.

A Friend in Need.

BY EDWARD BAYNE.

"HOW long before the next train leaves for Boston?"

The burly porter who was addressed grew quite genial in manner when he saw the pretty face of the young lady beside him.

"Just one hour, miss."

"Then I can take a look at the city," said Marian East to herself.

The porter heard, and was at once ready with his advice.

"Best jump into that street-car, miss—the blue one over yonder. It will take you up on Main Street in ten minutes, and Main street holds all the principal stores."

Marian East thanked him with a charming smile, and made her way to the street-car which was on the point of leaving the station as she reached it.

The city was not a very large one; but the shops were sufficiently tempting to hold her a prisoner before them for some moments before she remembered to glance at a clock.

Twenty minutes of her hour had already slipped by.

She gave up a secret little plan that she had formed on her way that evening in the train.

She knew only one person in that city, and he was quite ignorant of her presence on this day.

During the previous summer, she had met George Elphinstone in the country, at the house of a mutual friend who was his business partner.

They had ridden, driven, walked and talked together for three long happy months.

And when they parted, George Elphinstone had ask for and obtained her picture, which he had vowed to keep for ever, as the most sacred treasure of his life.

Then he went away, and silence fell between them.

No letter came to remind Marian of the friend whom she had allowed to grow too dear.

To all appearance she had been only a summer friend to him, while he—oh, how her heart ached as she tried to unlearn the lesson which he had been at such pains to teach her, in those happy days among the mountain scenes.

It was all over now.

She had learned to forget George Elphinstone, she said to herself.

And she would not own that her "stop over" in this city, his home, had been made, only that she might have the sad pleasure of looking upon the walls that sheltered him, and of seeing his name on the office sign which he had so often described to her.

Himself she did not wish to see, unless she might catch one glimpse of him from a distance, herself unseen, in some crowded street.

To be obliged to speak to him now, to hold his hand a moment, and to look into his eyes as a stranger—oh, that would be dreadful!

Not for worlds would she have had it happen so.

As these thoughts passed through Marian's mind she had left the shop windows, and had been borne onward by the ever-hurrying crowd until the name of a street, painted on a lamp-post opposite, caught her eye and brought her to a pause —"Spring Street."

It was there that George Elphinstone had his office.

There was but the breadth of one street between them.

Should she cross it?

At the top of Spring Street she could see the iron posts and railings of some park or public garden; and a crowd of well-dressed ladies and children were constantly passing up that way.

Most of them passed by Marian, not without a swift glance of inquiry at her fixed attitude and thoughtful absorbed face.

"No, I will not go," she thought at last.

"Oh, my purse, my purse! I've lost it. Where's a policeman?" cried a nervous-looking woman, who had been standing close beside Marian at the crossing, while a procession of cabs and carriages passed down the street.

Marian turned to glance at her, and then at the clock in a watchmaker's window.

It was past the half-hour, time for her to return to the depot.

"One moment, miss," said an important voice, as she stepped from the curbstone.

A hand was laid upon Marian's arm.

A blue-coated policeman, after listening an instant to the nervous woman, was actually stopping her.

"I did not see it done, and I am in a hurry to catch a train," she said, hastily. "I have no information to give about it."

The policeman grinned.

"I suppose not, miss. But you must come with me."

"Go with you? Why?—where?"

"As if you didn't know, miss. To the station-house, of course. This lady has given you in charge, and you must go there and be searched."

Marian turned pale.

"You are wronging me terribly," she said to the lady, who only tossed her head scornfully.

"Come," said the policeman.

"I am innocent. I am just from the country, and I am going to Boston to take a place in a school," said Marian, trying to keep back her tears. "Indeed, madam, you are terribly mistaken," she added, turning again to the lady, as she nodded to the policeman and promised to meet him at the police-station in ten minutes. "I am a respectable school-teacher; my name is Marian East, and I have——"

"Marian East," repeated a voice in the crowd, which was gradually collecting outside the group of three.

The next moment the nervous lady and the policeman were pushed unceremoniously aside, two warm friendly hands took Marian's, and a handsome dark-eyed man was smiling down at her protectingly.

"Miss East, how delighted I am to meet you," said the genial voice of George Elphinstone, the voice that she had learned to love so well. "I have been traveling in Europe constantly for a year past, on business, for a client, and have been moving so rapidly that it was quite hopeless for letters to follow me, and returned only yesterday morning, and to-morrow I was going to our friend Gaylord to ask your address; and here I meet you like this. But is anything wrong?"

The important policeman was looking strangely crestfallen, as he watched this warm greeting to Marian, from a gentleman whom he knew very well.

But the nervous lady held her ground, and in a few words repeated to Mr. Elphinstone the charge she had made against Marian.

"Absurd nonsense!" said Mr. Elphinstone indignantly. "Here, Peterson."

He said a few words to the policeman, who seemed to know him very well and respect him highly, and ignoring the nervous lady's complaint, he handed Marian to a carriage and drove away.

Straight to his partner's house they went, and in the charge of his partner's wife Mr. Elphinstone left Marian, while he went with the policeman and the nervous lady before the police magistrate and explained the case.

Within an hour he returned, bringing Marian's unchecked baggage from the station with him.

"As for that school in Boston, I have a word to say," he remarked to Marian, that evening, when Mrs. Gaylord considerately sat with her husband in the next parlor, well out of the range of the curtained arch.

"I have a better situation for you."

"But the Boston place is a very good one," said Marian, innocently.

"But you will have so many pupils to look after. In the place I offer you will have but one, and he will give you as little trouble as possible. What do you say, Marian? Will you teach your husband how to be a good and happy man?"

The tears rose to her pretty blue eyes as he drew her head down upon his shoulder.

"Oh, you will never know how much I have cared for you," she murmured; "and I thought you had forgotten me."

"I was only waiting, love, till I had a fit home to offer you" he said, as he kissed her.

And in her heart Marian secretly blessed the nervous lady, and the policeman, and the missing purse.

QUESTIONS TO PROMOTE TALK.—Is it possible that the old and new continent (as eminent geologists assert) were once united, and that they had been rent asunder by some mighty convulsion of nature? Would the world gain or lose if all the treasures in the dead languages were translated into English, and the tongues themselves no more studied? Do you suppose Shakespeare had any idea that he was to be immortal? If so, why did he not leave a corrected copy of his works? Will the United States ever be entangled in European politics, or be attacked by European armies for the sake of conquest? Is there any bottom to the ocean, or may not our planet be composed principally of water, as it is principally covered by it? Will there be ever monuments of architecture raised in America, equal to those of Europe, and of antiquity? Will the globe ever be completely occupied by civilized beings, enlightened and friendly towards each other? Will the time ever arrive when the air will be as full of balloons as the ocean is of ships? Has the changing of the tide any effect upon the longevity of one on a deathbed? Will one language ever predominate over the rest; if so, which will it be? To what other purposes is it possible that steam may be hereafter applied? Are Ceres, Pallas, and other smaller plants proven to be but fragments of a world? Is it demonstrated, or only supposed, that the heavenly bodies are inhabited? Is the population of the globe increasing, decreasing, or stationary? May not locomotives one day really supersede the use of horses? Should a young lady in affluent circumstances learn Latin? May not every street in cities be converted into railroads? Is it right, under any circumstances, to marry for money? Has a planet really burst and been broken to pieces? If so, many not this earth be also broken to pieces? Has the moon any effect upon men's imaginations? Account for the derivation of the word lunatic? Is the sun really composed of fire, or not? Should the poor ever marry?

THE UTTER YOUNG LADY.—A recent writer, speaking of the fashionable gait of the utter young lady of the period, says that it is supposed to be the offspring of the "utterly utter manners of the London aesthetes, who have set the fashion for languid, willowy, weary wabbles, now the rage at many fashionable gatherings" of the new illuminated of silliness. "When the aesthete appears upon the front door-step with her Langtry hat, and shakes out the bangles on her bracelets, pushes into better position the Jacqueminot roses at her belt, or the field daisies in her fourth buttonhole, shakes out the puffing of her polonaise, raises a balloon parasol, with its ivory handle carved like a calla lily, and prepares to get into the shape for the fashionable gait, for the space of one minute her body seems to work upon eccentrics. Her instep go in with a jerk, her bustle flies back, her spinal column shoots forward at an angle of about forty-eight degrees, and remains rigid, her neck lists, her chin goes about an inch and five-eighths above its normal line, her nose naturally follows, and, perhaps, improves upon the incline, her arms to the elbow joints hang like willow branches, while the hand that does not engage itself with the parasol hangs limp and languid. It requires two teeters to give the shape inertia, and off the aesthete goes.

Her progress defies description. It has been compared to the amble of the kangaroo, but the naturalists insist the kangaroo's movements have some element of grace. Others say it is very like a duck which flaps its wings, but the duck does not have French heels. A man of science says that there is nothing like it in the animal kingdom, although the sea-gulls on the Pacific Islands have a similar motion in their walk."

LABOR LOST.—Among the manuscripts lately acquired by the library of the Athenian Chambers is a roll of thick paper about a finger in width and a thousand feet long on which the various anagrams of the name Constantinople are written. These different anagrams are arranged in alphabetical order and amount to no less than 40,135. This roll was written apparently in England in the last century

PETER'S PENCE.—Offa, a Saxon prince, to ingratiate himself in favor of the sovereign Pontiff, engaged to pay him a yearly donation for the support of an English college at Rome; and, in order to raise the sum, he imposed a tax of a penny on each house possessed of 40 pence a year. This tax being afterward levied on all England, was commonly denominated *Peter's Pence*.

THERE are some dispensations of a beneficent nature which are not easily comprehended by the casual inquirer, and do not become very much plainer when carefully examined. One of them was remarked upon the other day by a young lady. "It is very curious," she observed—"altogether unaccountable indeed—that the tortoise, from whom we get all our tortoise-shell combs, has himself no hair whatever."

Bric-a-Brac.

DAD.—The word "dad" is pure Welsh, and is an interesting survival among us of the ancient British language. The beginning of the Lord's Prayer in Welsh is "Ein Dad."

TREES BY THE ROAD.—In Germany and in other parts of the Continent, cherry-trees are commonly planted by the roadside. The road from Brunn to Olmutz, sixty miles in length is bordered with cherry-trees. This useful kind of hedgerow has many parallels in other districts of Austria. Any passenger may eat of the fruit of these trees, except those few about which the owner has bound a wisp of straw, in token of reservation. This sign is universally respected.

FEMININE HEADGEAR.—The women in the reign of Charles VI. of France had their heads dressed in a high cap in the form of a sugar-loaf; a veil was tied to the top of this cap, and hung down more or less according to the quality of the wearer. The veil of a tradesman's wife did not descend below the shoulder; that of a knight's lady reached to the ground. In the reigns of Francis I. and Henry II. they wore little hats with feathers. From the time of Henry II. to the reign of Henry IV. they wore little caps with aigrettes.

FOR POSTERITY.—An inhabitant in Southampton, about fifty years ago, amused himself by enclosing six thousand copies of a small edition of the "Universal History" in fourteen thousand bottles, which, being first well-corked and sealed, he caused to be deposited among the deepest ice caverns of Greenland. The object of this has been, that in the event of a partial destruction of the globe, they might possibly emerge, and teach to succeeding generations the history of the world, and of the inhabitants who preceded them on its surface.

GUMMED ENVELOPES.—A writer, presumably youthful, in a London paper says: "Gummed envelopes are comparatively modern inventions. Chesterfield, on receiving a letter enclosed in one of these practical contrivances, could not contain his indignation. He flung the gummed envelope with its contents across the room, and exclaimed, "What! does the fellow send me his spittle?" Unfortunately for this story, adhesive envelopes only came into existence some seventy years after Lord Chesterfield's death, assuming the Lord Chesterfield to be meant. They came into general use about 1847-8

WINE.—The art of making wine by fermenting the juice of the grape is attributed to Noah. Little is known respecting the ancient wines, except that, by a process of evaporation or boiling, they were reduced to a syrup, and sometimes hardened into solid cakes, in which state they were preserved for many years. The vine is supposed to have been introduced into Britain in the third century; and in the tenth century several countries supplied wine from the grape. The importation of foreign wines commenced soon after the Conquest, and from that time to the present the quantity has gradually increased.

WOMAN IN TURKEY.—The Turkish woman is marriageable at the age of nine years, and, by Turkish law, if married, she is competent to manage her property and dispose of one-third of her fortune. The law allows her to abandon her husband's house for just cause, and will protect her in so doing. She cannot be compelled to labor for the support of her husband. On the contrary, he is compelled to support her; and it is a penal offence to insult or ill-treat her. Should he not furnish her with funds she is authorised to borrow in his name and even sell his property. After marriage she has the absolute control of her own property, which he cannot touch.

RED-TAPE IN AUSTRALIA.—The Circumlocution Office has been established in Australia, and this is how they manage things in Victoria. The clock stopped in a magistrate's court, and the chairman of the bench had the honor to bring it under the notice of the Secretary of the Law Department. The letter, duly docketed, stamped and red-inked, was forwarded by the Accountant of the Law Department to the Secretary of Public Works, who communicated with the contractor, who in turn wrote to the Inspector of Works. The Inspector wrote back to Secretary of Public Works, who forwards it to the Accountant of the Law Department. By this time nearly a week has elapsed, when the magistrate gets a note through the clerk of the petty sessions, making the inquiry from the Secretary of the Law Department, "Is the clock now going?" It was not. And we shall probably have an account of the further proceedings by the next Australian mail.

HAIR MARKETS.—A letter to a New Orleans paper describes a French hair market: "It was attended by a great many women from sweet sixteen to venerable sixty. There were four hair buyers. Each had his booth, whose front was filled with cheap, gaudy calico cloths, worth at the very outside twenty cents a yard. In the booth were two men, one with a pair of scissors, the other with a yardstick. The former would ask in an arrogant way, as if he did not want hair, and was doing a very great favor if he condescended to touch peasants' hair. 'What do you want in exchange for this?' 'Fifteen yards.' 'Fifteen! If I give you four, six, eight, thirteen (this figure was rarely exceeded) you may think yourself very lucky!' The offer accepted, he cuts the hair, and the other man measures the agreed number of yards. Sometimes the 'merchandise' is refused as being worthless, the head is too old. It takes about five years for a decent fleece of hair to grow."

IRREPARABLENESS.

BY E. B. BROWNING.

I have been in the meadows all the day
And gathered there the nosegay that you see,
Singing within myself as a bird or bee,
When such do field work on a morn of May.
But now I look upon my flowers, decay
Has met them in my hands more fatally
Because more warmly clasped, and sobs are free
To come instead of songs. What do you say,
Sweet counselors, dear friends? that I should go
Back straightway to the fields, and gather more?
Another, sooth, may do it,—but not I!
My heart is very tired, my strength is low,
My hands are full of blossoms plucked before,
Held dead within them till myself shall die.

ARDEN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARGERIE."

CHAPTER XXI.

NORA was truth itself, and she replied, "I did think I had seen the face before, Lewis, but I could not be sure."

"Well, he is much changed; and no wonder," said Lewis; "but that is not the purpose now. I am anxious to renew his acquaintance, and be of service to him. Shall I ask him here, Nora? He would be a great acquisition to your private theatrical scheme, and our patronage might bring him——"

"Patronage! Lewis," interrupted Nora.

"Well, well, we won't quarrel about words," said Lewis. "What I mean is, that we may be of use to him in his new character; that is all. But of course it rests with you."

"Certainly, bring him, Lewis," said Nora.

"And he must be received as a friend, Nora," he added.

"We must take care to put him on an equality with your other visitors, or else we had better let him drop altogether. I know him well; he is proud to a fault; proud as yourself, Nora, and that is saying a great deal."

"Do not fear, Lewis," said Nora, smiling; "we shall make him at once part of ourselves. His name is not given to the new piece, and therefore the most vulgar of our friends cannot dare to look down on our guest. And, as you say, he will be invaluable to our plans."

"Yes; he would be a splendid Edgar in 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' Nora. I think that is your fancy, is it not?" "Yes," replied Nora.

"Very well," said Lewis; "then I shall seek him out, and bring him to dinner to-morrow. Have you any one coming?"

"Only five or six," she replied; "not a large party at all."

"That will do," said Lewis. "I know you will do the right thing, Nora. You have too much sisterly feeling not to pity him, in his present position. Now, good night; you look tired."

Lewis rose, and kissing his cousin's flushed cheek, left the room.

Was Nora tired? At least, she did not appear to desire rest, for it was an hour or more before she sought her pillow. Her eyes were glittering, and her cheeks changeful, as she sat over the flickering fire, and let the wax tapers go out one by one as she mused. The past, the present, the future were passing before her. Was her idea prophetic? Was her destiny at hand?

The next evening had arrived. Nora was waiting in the drawing-room to receive her guests.

Her toilette was unusually simple: a plain black lace dress with scarlet trimmings, and a sprig of scarlet fuchsia in her dark hair. No jewels, save one—the bracelet she always wore, that, containing her mother's hair. Yet she had seldom looked more beautiful than at that moment. The very absence of ornament rendered her loveliness more conspicuous. The extreme simplicity of the attire enhanced the beauty of her form and the intellect of her face.

Or it might be that the feeling, the womanly sensitiveness in the expression, the softness in the large dark eyes, the gentleness in the lips, at once changed and improved the character of the speaking face. It depended on the discernment, the penetration of the observer to decide.

One after another her visitors came, and Nora received them with her usual stately grace.

Still Lewis had not appeared, nor the stranger guest he had promised to secure. At length they came; the door opened. First Lewis entered, and then the well-remembered companion of the summer holidays, the successful author of the previous night—Jasper Talbot.

"I bring you an old friend, Nora. I need not introduce him," was the introduction.

Jasper was rather prouder, and paler, and colder than his wont, as he came up to the mistress of the splendid rooms; but one glance was enough. All was forgotten but that they had been cherished friends, sympathizing companions, and that their spirits and intellects were in unison. He could not mistake the soft welcome, the gentle sympathy in the look, nor the cordial "I am very glad to see you again, Mr. Talbot," that greeted his approach.

The evening was indeed a charming one. The few guests there were the friends of Mr. Delany, both in age and position; and thus when the dinner was over, and the elder gentlemen were engaged with their host in discussions of politics and graver matters than would suit the mercurial Lewis or the intellectual Jasper, they stole from the room and went up to the smaller drawing-room, where Nora sat when only a select party were in the house.

Oh, what a delicious hour was that to the young solitary Jasper! Not a word of questioning that could offend his pride or alarm his sensitiveness passed the lips of the cousins. Lewis had at once closed that point of difficulty when he had found his way to his friend's modest lodgings.

"Look here, my boy," said he, "I am not going to ask any confidences, nor bother you with comments, nor with inquiries, or surprise.

"You have had some good reason for your conduct, which you will tell me when you choose, and till then only remember that we are old chums and chosen friends, and that I am only too happy to see you and renew old times. When you want me to advise, or to help you, here I am. Till then I know nothing and ask nothing of your plans or prospects."

Jasper could but gratefully accept the kindness, and the tempting offer of seeing Nora once more. And now he was near her. He saw her in the full maturity that he could not even have imagined to himself; the maturity and splendor of mind and body which even her rich girlhood had scarcely promised. Could he fly from the dangerous enchantment? Could he resist the frank, cordial invitations of both uncle and nephew, and Nora's gentle, "I shall be so glad of your assistance in my plans, Mr. Talbot. Every one is so stupid. And then I could not bear to act except with a real friend that I could trust."

What a tempting phrase! what irresistible pleading! It could not be resisted by mortal man, unless hard, and cold, and insensible, and Jasper was young and ardent, in love. Yet, when he returned to his humble rooms, and thought of all that had taken place, the very idea seemed madness. He had enough misery already; why add to it by the terrible contact with that brilliant life, with that matchless queen of the fairy scene?

Should he fly from the temptation? Should he refuse the syren invitations, the request that he would act the part of the proud lover of *Lucy Ashton* in the forthcoming theatricals? Reason, prudence, bade him take that course. He could not add to his misery.

The base-born son, the fortuneless striving author, could not but worship the rich ward of Mr. Delany at an insuperable distance. He had enough to bear; why add to it by a hopeless, mad passion?

Such were Jasper's more sober thoughts. Then, as he seized a pen to refuse, came the thought, "Why reject the sole sweetening pleasure of my joyless life? Sympathy, friendship—they are all that is left to me. I ask not her love—I want nothing from the rich uncle, I would accept nothing from Lewis's generous kindness. At least I can only injure my peace, I cannot forfeit their confidence, nor my own self-respect by the indulgence."

And thus he went on. He drank the sweet poison, knowing that it was but bringing death to every chance of happiness. He attended rehearsal after rehearsal, he carried out all Nora's suggestions, he supported all her plans, he gave the benefit of his experience to her ideas, and at last became almost an habitual guest at the house. It was gradual, so natural, that no one remarked it, and so pleasant that no one wished to alter it.

Mr. Delany liked the "clever lad," and Lewis had hinted that he was under a cloud which enlisted his kindly sympathies.

Lewis was never so happy as in his old chum's companionship. The cigar after the evening was over, the morning's walk, the afternoon's grave discussion on passing and on permanent topics, brought back a period of his life that was at once the pleasantest, and the one that seemed most completely past, for the young lawyer. Neither in the dry studies of his profession, nor the pleasant gaiety of his social life, did he find such peculiarly congenial companionship as in Jasper Talbot. School days, college days, high aspirations, poetic imagings, subdued and grave philosophy, were all to be shared and discussed with the friend of his boyhood and youth. No wonder that Jasper was ever sought after and resident with them, even when Nora no longer added her voice to the general entreaty. That had long ceased. She never asked him to come; it seemed tacitly understood that he was to be at her side; "but it should only be till the play was over;" so he told himself. It was a madness that must cease. He would just dream out the dream, and then awake. Plenty of time to repent, plenty of time to suffer, when the brief bliss was over.

Well, all things go on; time steals on space; the night that was thus to close the sweetest yet most delirious episode of Jasper's life, was at hand. The night of the real and final representation of "The Bride of Lammermoor" was to close Jasper's intimacy at Mr. Delany's. He stood as if on the eve of a terrible crisis. He shuddered as he contemplated what was before him—the desolation, the loneliness. He had called up honor and pride to his aid; he saw and felt that he was only playing a base and deceitful part to himself and to them.

Yes, Jasper felt it, saw it; he knew that Nora looked on him as she did not on any other of her cousin's friends. He would not be coxcomb enough to believe that she loved him, but he would not conceal from himself that there was a sympathy between them that was dangerous even to her noble, proud spirit. She could not be untrue to her instincts, and she was too entirely free from coquetry or deceit to appear the thing she was not. The electric chain of community of thought, and feeling, and intellect, was between them. It might injure her peace if it were not snapped in twain; he would therefore snap it, even if the shock pierced his very soul.

And the next evening was to be the final one of the union of heart and soul. Surely he might enjoy it; and he dared not trust himself to think, lest it might spoil all. He was determined to abandon himself to the enjoyment of the hour, and to prevent the intrusion of the cold, bitter thoughts that were in his brain, and would, if encouraged sadden, embitter his heart. He hastily put on his hat, and went out, but not to Mr. Delany's. He knew they were all engaged to a great dinner party that evening. Nora had told him so, and added, with a smile, "I shall be half asleep before it is time to retire. I shall be thinking of our grand night too much to make myself agreeable. Oh, I hate these formalities! I cannot imagine why any one that is not old and ugly and stupid, can endure four hours of such oppressive stupidity."

Jasper loved to hear her speak thus. He loved to see the utter emancipation of the mind from the trammels of fashion and wealth and he even wondered whether she could ever have been happy in a lower and less splendid sphere, with only the pleasure of intellectual sympathy to compensate for her present sources of gratification.

Perhaps not. Nora's sense of beauty was so sensitive, her love of all that was elegant and luxurious in art was such an instinct, that it might have been too repressed and pent up within her had she been born in a lower and limited sphere.

Jasper's steps were not turned to the familiar square in which was the house which held the goddess of his idolatry; he went in another, and widely different direction—to the home of Madame Courton. He had not been there for many a long day—not since the evening of that great triumph for him and for herself.

He had shrunk intuitively from the dark shadow that hung around her since the sunlight of Nora's home, and presence, and wealth and music, had been shed over his own heart. It had not been wholly selfish. He could not have gone there in the mood which his recent happiness had produced; it would have been grating to the sombre feelings of the actress.

But now Jasper's spirit turned involuntarily to the strange and unknown, but noble woman, to whom he owed so much of his fame and success, and whose sympathy had been so keen and true with his own painful lot.

He would go to her, and learn strength and courage; he would seek to change the current of his ideas, and to bring his own recent delirium down to the more sober and life-like sadness and reality that her example and her lofty endurance taught. So he set off on his errand. It was an "off" night of his piece, and he was sure to find her at home.

Madame Courton had few friends, few engagements, and what she had were always at her own house. At rare intervals she had what might be termed a reception; but never any formal parties, and still less did she go to any re-union in the houses to which she had an *entree*.

A strange and secluded life did the actress lead. The idol of the public, the attention of many eyes, the theme of the newspapers, the gossip of the clubs, she yet maintained a solitary and cold reserve to all, save two. One was Jasper Talbot, the other Minnie Darrell, the young companion of her triumphs, the fair and youthful stage daughter of the heroine of the tragedy; and the green-room sneered at these two favorites of the accomplished actress.

Minnie was so young and fair and gentle, that it was perhaps an unwelcome protection which was thus thrown over her innocence and inexperience. And Jasper was so handsome and distinguished that it scarcely coincided with the ideas of either the male or female denizens of the green-room that he should engross and be engrossed by the noble but matured charms of Madame Courton. However, thus it was; and when Jasper took his way to the house where his friend lived, it was with the assurance that he should find no one with her except Minnie. Yet he hoped that even that interruption to their intercourse might not be there. The desire to forget all that was youthful and bright, and gay; to abandon himself, as it were, to the sobering and bracing influence of the brave and suffering actress, was strong within him. He wished not for any interruption to the calm and saddening influence of the hour he was to spend. It was therefore no small disappointment to meet Minnie Darrell when he entered the room. And yet her eyes were soft and tender in their shy glances at the handsome intruder, and the fair, pale cheek deepened in color as he acknowledged her greeting.

A vainer man than Jasper Talbot would at once have appropriated the involuntary glance, a less pre-occupied one would have read it in a manner both flattering and touching to his vanity and his heart. Minnie was indeed very lovely and winning in all her ways. No one knew much of the young actress, save that it was currently whispered that a blind mother was entirely dependent on her exertions, and that any attempt to engage her attention, or to detain her one minute after her duties were performed, was vain. Only Madame Courton ever appeared to win her confidence, or to obtain the slightest clue to her story or her residence.

The manager of the theatre certainly knew the last, and might probably have some idea of the first, but he was an honorable man, and a gentleman in his ideas and feelings, and he never in the slightest degree betrayed the secret of his fair *protegee*. So Minnie came to rehearsal and to her evening engagements, and went away again without exchanging more than a distant bow, or gentle greeting with her comrades in art.

Minnie was indeed a beautiful girl. Her slight, graceful form, her violet eyes, her rich brown hair, her transparent skin, her shy, modest airs, were great attractions, and the proofs she gave of genius and feeling in the parts she undertook were as winning to Madame Courton as the personal beauty of her *protegee*.

The girl retired from her position near her patroness when Jasper entered, and quietly shrunk into a more distant and secluded corner, leaving her place vacant for the new comer.

"It is long since I have seen you, my friend," said the lady, kindly. "Where have you been—writing another piece for Minnie and me?"

"I fear, madame, I shall never make another successful hit," he replied, despondingly.

"Perhaps not one that goes home so much to every woman's heart, and, above all, to my heart," said the lady, sadly. "But, tell me, what have you been doing?—surely not idle all this time."

"I am afraid I have been," he replied; "but it will all be atoned for in time. I have been too unmindful of aught but a source of fleeting gratification that is now nearly at an end. I mean the meeting, the intercourse with some old friends."

Minnie gave a shy, quick glance, and a look of pain was in her eyes. Madame Courton smiled sadly.

"Ah, youth, youth, youth," she said, "it is ever thus! and we pay the penalty—yes—we pay it for a lifetime. Poor fellow!" she added, with a deep sadness in her tone. "At least," she continued, "keep your conscience clear, young man. If happiness is lost, honor can be saved. There is no hopeless misery but that."

"My dear madame," said Jasper, half smiling, "I believe I have made a foolishly serious matter of a very trifling one. The fact is, I accidentally renewed the acquaintance of an old boyish friend, and that has led to an indulgence that makes me idle and dissipated, considering I have all to win, and no right to anything but work and self-denial—my only heritage," he added, bitterly.

Minnie drew further into the shade. She either desired to make them forget the constraint of her presence, or conceal her own expressive features.

"You are wrong," said the lady; "yes, wrong, Jasper. You have added a drop to the bitterness of your cup by this weakness. I can see it in your face, hear it in the tones of your voice. Something more than any vain regrets at relinquishing pleasures, and idleness, and luxuries, has given that cynical tone to your words and looks. Poor fellow!" she again murmured softly.

"Never mind. I am come to take lessons from you," he said, "and get strength, and courage, and endurance also, from your example."

Minnie rose softly, and noiselessly tied on the hat that lay on the cushion beside her, and then quietly moved towards the fireplace to bid Madame Courton good-night. She felt that her presence was unnecessary, and perhaps an interruption to what he desired to accomplish by his visit to her friend.

"I must go now," she said. "Good-night, dear madame; my mother will expect me."

"No, no, Minnie; you said you had at least one hour more for me," said Madame Courton.

"Yes, but not to-night," replied Minnie. "I will ask to come to you again. If I return early my mother can spare me better another time when you are alone."

"As you will, dear child," said the lady. "You are always welcome and that is what I say to none on earth now, save to you and to Jasper. Well, good-night, good-night."

Minnie bent over the lady to kiss her, and the light dress she wore touched the bar of the grate as she bade the final good-night.

Jasper was attracted at the moment by the sudden rattling of a heavy vehicle that rushed along the street, and he pushed aside the blind of the window to examine the cause. No one therefore perceived the danger till the sudden light, the quick shriek, the frenzied "Save me! save me!" of the unhappy girl made him turn suddenly round.

Minnie's dress was fast feeding the quick flame, it had mounted to her throat; it was fast seizing on the thicker under-clothing.

Madame Courton started up. She tried to seize Minnie, and lay her on the ground; but her own lace had caught the flame, and she was compelled to let her go.

In another moment, however, a stronger and more determined hand seized the girl, extinguished the flames, and laid her on a couch.

Madame Courton stood paralyzed for a few moments during the terrible crisis, then she recovered the presence of mind habitual to her. She rang the bell violently to bring aid, but ere it could arrive she was herself kneeling by the sufferer, and administering every restorative that was in her power, to restore the depressed frame.

"Cold water in my bath instantly," she exclaimed, as the servant appeared. "At once!"

The servant disappeared instantly, followed by Jasper, to enforce the order and its rapid execution. Then in three or four minutes he returned with the half-stunned maid.

"Give her to me, Madame Courton," said Jasper.

He raised the light figure in his arms, and hastened to the adjoining bath-room followed by Madame Courton and her maid.

In a moment the girl was plunged in the water, while her head, that alone had escaped the flames, was supported on Madame Courton's shoulder.

"Send at once for Dr. Whitmore," said the lady, quickly. "I can manage now."

Jasper understood her. Without even waiting for his overcoat, he hastened for the doctor, who luckily lived only half a dozen doors from the house, so that his absence did not exceed ten minutes.

Minnie's sensibility to anything that was passing was only shown by her groans, piteous and heart-rending to the brave but shuddering friend who watched over her.

"Could she live? Could she really recover the fearful shock to such a fragile frame?"

Such were the questions the lady asked herself, and which her eyes, rather than lips, put to the doctor who followed Jasper to the room, and he understood the appeal.

"You have made her recovery possible, madame, by your good sense and presence of mind," he said; "but much remains to be done, and it is a critical case."

Jasper heard, and retired at once to the anteroom, when he first became sensible that his hand had been severely burned by the effort he had made. The pain had been unfelt till he saw the poor girl in safe and efficient hands, and heard that the case was not hopeless. But now, even to his manly fortitude it required some courage to entirely ignore the wound. He half thought of going home to apply the necessary remedies, lest he might add to the trouble and perplexity of the house, but he could not find it in his heart to leave without seeing his friend once more, and learning the final verdict as to poor Minnie's state. So he wrapped his handkerchief round the wounded hand, and sat down to wait the coming of the doctor and his friend from the inner rooms. Ere half an hour has elapsed Madame Courton entered. Her eyes were suffused with tears.

"Jasper, come to her," she said. "She is raving about you, and Dr. Whitmore thinks you may calm her."

Suddenly a quick flush came over the young man's face—a look of pain on the features. Was it more pain of the wounded hand, or the flash of a hitherto unsuspected reality on his heart? Be that as it may, he followed his hostess to the room where Minnie lay.

All that skill and tenderness could devise had been done for the sufferer, but her face was flooshed with pain, her eyes were brilliant with fever, her lips were moving restlessly and continually in half intelligible murmurings.

"Jasper! Jasper! save me!—oh, it burns, it burns!—and my poor, poor heart! Ah, it has been so hard to bear. He does not love me; no, no—I know it. But he does not know—he does not guess it. Poor, poor Minnie!"

Her tears came in a sort of self-pity at her own griefs, rather than her bodily sufferings, and Jasper's lips quivered.

"Was it possible?" he thought. "Were his fears indeed realized, and was the peace of that poor girl dependent on him?"

"Come to her, Mr. Talbot," said Dr. Whitmore, beckoning him forward. "She must be called at any cost."

"Minnie, dear Minnie," said Jasper, "try to calm yourself."

"Who spoke?—who is it?" she asked, gazing wildly and unknowingly at his pale face.

"It is Jasper, your friend" he replied. "Do you not remember me?"

"Ah," she said, with tears in her eyes—"ah, it is he; but he loves some one else. I heard it—I saw it. He is only deceiving me when he says 'dear Minnie.' I could see it as he talked to-night. He was so sad. Ah, poor Minnie!"

"Minnie, Minnie, I do not. I have no thought of any one else," he said, firmly. "Only get well, and be sure I have no idea of any one. I cannot, I do not——" He could not pronounce the intended words, "love another." Even to save that suffering girl he could not utter so gross a falsehood; so he changed it to—"I have not the most distant idea of marrying any one, Minnie. Only try and calm yourself, and when you are well we will speak of these things."

Minnie closed her eyes and a calmer look came over her features, though her lips were still convulsed with bodily pain.

"Now you must compose yourself, Miss Darrell," said Dr. Whitmore, approaching, "and try to sleep; then your friends will be ready to come again, and talk with you; but I am going to send them all away now."

She comprehended him immediately. Her eyes opened with a look of temporary intelligence for a moment; then, as consciousness returned, the fearful pangs of the fever brought a groan of agony to her pale lips.

"Drink this," said Dr. Whitmore, holding a glass of opiate medicine to her lips, "and then we shall leave you for an hour or two. I will come and see you before I go to bed, and your friend will return in the morning if you are quiet, and try to sleep. If not, I shall keep him away altogether."

Minnie obeyed. Her gentle, submissive nature showed itself even in her half delirious agony; and, with a deep sigh, she drank the mixture and sank again on the pillow; but a sharp groan followed even that slight movement of her tortured frame.

Dr. Whitmore now beckoned Jasper from the room, and Madame Courton followed them for a few minutes.

"Is there hope, doctor?" she asked.

"Just," was the brief reply. "Where are her friends?"

"She has but a blind mother," was the reply.

"Then it is better to keep her in ignorance as long as possible," said the doctor. "Mr. Talbot will perhaps add to his kindness and his heroic exertions by going to the poor lady, and telling her that her daughter is obliged to remain with a friend for a few hours, and that she herself should be brought to her to-morrow if she was not able to return home by that time. That will prepare her for some catastrophe, and then we can arrange to-morrow what can be done. But, bless me, you are as pale as death. Are you hurt, too, my young friend?"

"It is nothing; only a slight burn," replied Jasper, forcing a smile, though his pale face and faint voice belied his words.

Dr. Whitmore quickly took the injured hand.

"Not so very slight, either," said he; "and the cold has got to it. Come, come, we must have a little of the same remedies as we administered to your young friend yonder; and though I shall not have quite such an anxious business with you, you must not trifle with it."

The worthy doctor looked at the fair hostess as he spoke. Madame Courton quickly supplied him with the necessary remedies, and the hand was soon properly bandaged, and a handkerchief of the lady's formed a sling.

"There, now, you may go," said the doctor. "You have done quite enough for to-night, and I shall want you to-morrow. I suspect you have as much influence with the invalid as I have, and I cannot lose my assistant, or I may lose my patient too. Get to bed when you have seen the old lady and given your message. And hark ye, put this in your pocket; it will give you a good night, and perhaps the sympathy may extend where it is still more needful."

As he spoke the doctor gave Jasper a phial, containing some of the same medicine that he had just administered to Minnie. Madame Courton quickly wrote the address of the young girl's mother and gave that also to Jasper.

"Lose no time," she said; "and, for my sake and hers, obey the doctor's orders. Life and death may hang upon it."

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN Jasper Talbot left Madame Courton's his mental and bodily sufferings were indeed acute. The physical pain and exhaustion were as nothing in comparison with the struggle in his heart. The spot where he had hoped for strength and for consolation had proved a terrible aggravation of his sufferings. Nora was indeed forever lost to him—he had felt and known that before; but at least he could have thought of and worshipped her at a distance; he could have indulged, without sin or self-reproach, the love and the regrets, the self-pity and the admiration that struggled in his heart.

But now all was changed. His duty was rendered more painful, his suffering doubled by the discovery of that evening. One, fair and innocent, helpless, and struggling as himself, was in his keeping for happiness or for sorrow. Could he be untrue to the charge? Could he cast from him the young heart that had been so unwarily given to him? Could he inflict on one, weaker and more helpless, the pangs he found it so hard to bear? And yet, could he conscientiously take on himself the charge of another's happiness, when he felt that he had indeed no love to give?

These were difficult questions, and Jasper did not even attempt to answer them. He knew that Minnie's life was precarious. It was indeed premature to decide on his course of conduct towards her; all he could and did determine on was, that so far as her recovery depended upon him, it should be secured; and if he committed himself to this plain and sacred duty, then at least he would have the blessing of feeling that he had sacrificed himself, and not lived in vain. He, the base-born, the lonely, the waif in the world, with no right to friends, or kindred, or name, or place in society, would yet have performed one of the most difficult duties—he would have disregarded himself, and saved the life and happiness of another.

So Jasper performed his errand to the meek, patient, blind parent of the fair sufferer, and after leaving her in charge of a young girl who waited on her in the daughter's absence, he took his way home.

In spite of exhaustion and suffering, the opiate given him by the doctor was needed by the over-tired brain of the young man. His nerves were too much excited, his heart too sorely burdened for refreshing sleep, and it was not till the small hours of the morning that he at last fell into a deep, yet troubled oblivion.

It was like (yet how unlike!) the opium slumber of his erring father on that memorable night that had sealed the fate of so many. His head lay motionless on the pillow, his hair clustered on the fevered brow; his lips and hands moved restlessly in the unnatural torpor, and the red spots glowed on his cheeks with the vividness of fever. So had it been with Reginald Glanville.

But Jasper's tossing hands had been extended to safe life, not to snatch the proofs of guilt, and his lips uttered in innocence, and without self-reproach, the name dearest on earth. That name, too, was uttered in different tones, and the plaintive tenderness of the son's accents were as different from the despairing remorse of the father as the sadness of the one was distinct from the agonizing repentance that had tortured the guilty mind of the other.

Even Julia herself would have pitied and loved the noble son of her unconscious rival as he lay alone and wretched in his unmerited suffering.

With a strange, mingled feeling, Jasper awoke on the following morning. The effect of the opium, the agitation of the night before, the vague consciousness that some important and especial event awaited him on the evening of that day, all combined to confuse and to oppress his brain. He sprang from his couch, and plunging his head in cold water, hastily began his toilette.

Suddenly the whole events of the previous day flashed on his mind, and he rang the bell to inquire whether any message had been received for him during the early morning. The answer in the negative satisfied him in some measure, and he finished his toilette with more outward composure than he could have thought possible on the previous night.

True, the wounded hand somewhat impeded its progress, and the breakfast was but a farce. A glass of soda-water and brandy had, however, the good effect of clearing his head and stimulating the languid pulses.

When all was concluded, Jasper prepared to fulfil the dreaded duty of visiting the poor patient, and his energies were sufficiently revived for him to suppress all signs of unmanly weakness.

Yet he was coward enough to be thankful when the reply to his application at Madame Courton's residence was:

"Madame is trying to sleep. Dr. Whitmore has sent a nurse, and ordered madame to go to bed, and she must not be disturbed on any account."

"Is the young lady better?" he asked.

"Dr. Whitmore thinks she is a little improved," was the reply. "She has slept, and is dozing even now. If you would call, sir, in the afternoon, you would probably see madame herself."

Jasper turned away with a sensation of relief.

Then he began to think what his next and best mode of benefiting the helpless ones could be. Certainly the first and most obvious was to call on the manager and inform him of the catastrophe.

Of course that gentleman was shocked; and equally of course a meaning was in his eye as he complimented Jasper on having saved the life of so beautiful a girl; and the theatre doors and other places were covered with the following placard:

"In consequence of the serious accident and severe illness of Miss Minnie Darrell, the popular drama of 'Love's Revenge' will not be performed till further notice."

The public were no doubt truly sorry for their own disappointment, and gave a brief meed of passing pity to the fair and youthful sufferer.

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The doors of Mr. Delany's splendid mansion were thrown open to a "large and fashionable gathering of the *elite* of the world now remaining in town." Such was the announcement in the papers, and for once not beyond the truth.

The spacious rooms were scarcely sufficient to contain the crowd that assembled to witness the novel amusement prepared for them. And indeed there was attraction enough. The rooms were grand in their proportions, and in their useful tasteful and luxurious decorations. But how much more were they embellished and rendered imposingly magnificent now! All the superfluous furniture was removed from the largest saloon. Rows of rich velvet chairs were placed as near together as was consistent with the comfort of the guests.

Candelabra, chandeliers, wax lights, plants, flowers, sweet odors, graceful draperies, were all there to add to the beauty and the enjoyment of the scene. Then the smallest of the suits was converted into a stage, and the boudoir of the young hostess of the evening turned into a green-room for the occasion.

A hum, and a bustle, and whispering went on among the assembled crowd.

"Do you know who is to act?"

"Yes, Miss Norton of course, as Lucy; and then I hear her cousin is to be Henry, and a great friend of the young gentleman's to take Edgar. I suppose it is that Mr. Talbot who has been here so much lately."

"Ah, yes! Well, he must be in favor to do that; for Miss Norton is very proud, and wouldn't play with any one she did not like. Why, I have heard that she absolutely refused to let Sir——take any part in the piece because she did not like his ways, nor his morals either, perhaps, for the matter of that; but——"

Here the remarks of the gossip were lost in the ringing of the bell and the drawing up of the curtain, and every murmur was hushed. A pin might have been heard in the dead silence, so wrapt was the attention of the guests to the attractive amateur performance of the touching play.

The dresses had been prepared by a theatrical costumer, under the perfect taste of the youthful mistress of the revels. Every thing was correct. The characters were entirely filled up, in look, in manner, in age, in feeling.

Nora was perfect as Lucy Ashton. Her stately dignity was softened and subdued into the gentleness of the high-born and passionately loving girl. Henry was entirely realised by the kind-hearted, handsome, light-headed Lewis; and Edgar—ah! it was indeed acted to the life, or rather it was life, and not acting. In every scene of the representation—the scene in the wood—Edgar's unspoken love, when the desolate Wolf's Crag gives shelter to sweet Lucy and her proud father — their subsequent betrothal at the Mermaid's Fountain—the stern Lady Ashton's command that her daughter's troth should be transferred to Hugh of Bucklaw—and lastly, when, returned from distant lands, the fated lover burst upon the marriage rite, crying in indignant, despairing, impassioned accents, "I am still Edgar of Ravenswood!" In the terrible finale, when, cold, pale, statue-like, Lucy, at the command of her pitiless mother, yields the broken piece of gold—dear token of the betrothal—and the terrible death-scene of the lovers—in all these Jasper forgot all, everything but that he was actually realising the deep love, the fearful agony of his heart.

It was an actual living reality; and Nora felt it such. She returned the speaking, vivid looks and words. She acted and spoke like the very ideal of the unhappy, loving girl; and when at the end she fell on the floor, her lover's arms round her, his burning words in her ears, she scarcely heard the tumult of applause. She knew nothing, felt nothing but the delirious, bewildering reality and certainty that Jasper was as full of devotions and despair as the hero whose part he had so vividly sustained.

Then all was over. The actors and actresses retired to their rooms to assume their natural character and dresses; and in their absence the theatre was rapidly converted into a dancing-room by the removal of the stage and seats. The band struck up one of Strauss's waltzes, and the gay throng were soon whirling to its strains.

But when the evening was drawing to a close, when the supper was served, and her friends gathered round her with congratulations and compliments on her acting, then the girl felt a species of shame at her own abandonment to the feelings of the moment. She looked round for Jasper. He was not there. He had gone immediately after the play was over, made his adieus to Mr. Delany, and begged a message to herself.

Had he been disgusted? Had he thought her too forward? Could the world guess her feelings? A blush of vexation came to her cheeks, and a haughty compression to her lip. She carelessly ignored the adorations she received, made sport of the feelings she had represented, and scornfully declared her contempt of such sentimental nonsense in real life, however beautiful in a play or a work of fiction.

Ah Nora, why be so untrue to yourself, so unjust to him, who was never more worthy of your love than now, when he seemed to slight and to retire from it?

Ah, where was he? He was in the chamber of suffering and sickness, speaking peace and comfort to the poor girl, whose feverish ravings were only to be calmed and soothed by his voice and his presence.

He had fulfilled his painful but delicious task. He had tasted the delight of expressing his feelings in the words and under the name of another. He had vented the deep passion and despair of his heart, and had bidden Nora and her beauty, and genius, and nobleness, adieu.

Jasper felt he must never in honor or in safety see her more, save as the bride of another, or with his own wife hanging on his arm, as a safeguard from the wild and ungovernable passion of his heart.

Poor Jasper! Yet, compared with his father most enviable; for he had neither guilt nor remorse to add to the deep sorrow that shadowed his father's life.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"MISS LINA, Miss Lina, where are you?" cried the nurse, who still continued to wait on the infant charge of Hilda Arden.

"You are wanted down stairs immediately. Quick, quick, let me dress you. You must not go down in that figure, with your hair all in disorder, and your dress soiled."

"But who wants me, nurse?" said the child, wonderingly; for she was unused to such sudden haste, and such urgency on the part of the staid, middle-aged servant. "Who wants me? I would rather stay with Miss Hilda, a great deal, than go down to the drawing-room."

"Would you, Miss Lina?" said the woman, smilingly.

"Ah, you don't know who is come, or you would not talk that. There, make haste. Here is your pretty blue frock, or the white one with the blue ribbons, whichever you please."

The child had been sitting at Hilda's feet, trying to make her doll comprehend an illustrated edition of nursery rhymes, and she was by no means willing to be taken from so amusing an occupation, and from her favorite governess, to the wearisome, hollow caresses of the drawing-room; for children are good physiognomists, and quick to detect either coldness or deception on the part of others; and Lina was perfectly and instinctively aware that one-half of the praises and indulgences lavished on her had no more heart in them than the cold kiss vouchsafed her daily by Mrs. Escourt, on their meeting morning and evening.

"Hush darling, you must go," whispered Hilda, as the little girl buried her face in her lap, with a baby shake of her pretty shoulders that said plainly, "I won't go;" "I think some one particular has come to see my pet. Is it not so, nurse?"

"Yes, Miss Halloway, it is indeed quite a surprise, she replied; "And if Miss Lina only knew—"

"Who is it, nurse?" said the child, looking sharply up in the woman's face.

"Never mind, Miss Lina," was the reply. "Only let me dress you and do your hair. I won't be a minute, and then you can soon see who is waiting for you."

Perhaps the volatile little creature would scarcely have been so submissive, had not Hilda quietly interfered by herself beginning the toilette, and unloosening the school room frock, while nurse Allen smoothed the golden curls.

In five minutes the little pet was ready to accompany the faithful attendant down stairs.

"Now be good, Miss Lina," said Mrs. Allen, who was evidently in a state of great excitement. "Please, don't bring any discredit on me and Miss Hilda by not behaving properly to your papa."

"Papa!" said the child, with an eager

scream. "Papa! Is he come? Oh, nurse, let me go."

Springing forward from the hand that had hitherto held her tiny fingers, the child burst into the boudoir to which Mrs. Allen had been soberly conducting her; but when she gazed around, she drew back in childish shyness.

The gentleman that sat there by the side of Florence Horton, and nearly opposite to Mrs. Escourt, was scarcely to be recognized as father by the baby child he had left three years before.

Sir Guy was dark, and singular in appearance, and even in dress and manner. His sojourn in eastern lands had bronzed his skin, and the long beard and thick moustache he still wore increased his oriental appearance.

His dress was looser and more negligent than is common to English ideas; and his careless attitude, all spoke of other climes than our own.

No wonder that the child, accustomed to the correct costume and the precise manners of the English gentlemen she was in the habit of seeing, shrunk back in wondering alarm from her handsome but singular parent.

"Lina, my darling, come here," said Florence, in her sweetest tones, as the child stood at the door, her pretty lips pouting, her cheeks crimson, and her blue eyes looking half in wonder, half in alarm, at the stranger. "Do you know who is here? Come to Cousin Florence, and she will tell you."

Children are terribly truthful, and Lina did not respond to the gentle invitation of the beautiful girl.

"Come to papa, my child," said Sir Guy, holding out his arms; "he longs to kiss his little girl. Will not Lina come to papa?"

The child stood gazing at him questioningly for a few moments, then she suddenly appeared to make up her mind, and walked shyly across the room, holding up her lips to be kissed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Only One.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

PAT OAKLEY was a genuine Dublin Irishman, generous to a fault, reckless, brimful of fun and animal spirits, and bound to have a little taste of foreign life, as he expressed it; and I was a *blase* Englishman, traveling to kill time.

We became acquainted with each other at Geneva, in Switzerland, and a warm friendship soon sprang up between us; thenceforth we were inseparable companions, traveling everywhere together.

Before we departed each for his own country, Jack and I concluded to spend a few weeks in Paris.

It is needless to state that time never hung heavy on our hands during our sojourn there. No one in that gayest of cities, with plenty of money, ever experiences any difficulty in finding plenty of amusement. But suddenly Jack grew sulky and silent, spending his afternoons I knew not where, and his evenings in pacing up and down the floor of our spacious chamber.

However I soon discovered the secret of Jack's absurd conduct; he was deeply, desperately in love, or at least imagined himself to be. I asked him to and he told me the story.

"Well, Bob," he began, "you remember that night about two weeks ago you declined to go out with me on the score of indisposition, or something of the sort, and I left you lying on the sofa humming one of those confounded tuneless English songs of yours and started for the Theatre Francais. Well, I did not go; changing my mind, I drifted about from street to street until I completely lost my bearings. Just as I was passing a dark, dismal looking lane I heard a smothered shriek, and regardless of the consequences, I rushed down the lane whence it proceeded, and beheld a woman struggling in the grasp of two ruffians. I knocked one of them down, and the other took to his heels. The woman was nearly frightened out of her senses, and gladly accepted my offer to escort her home. She said the men who had assaulted her were thieves, and that they had nearly succeeded in robbing her when I came to her assistance. When we had issued from that into a decently lighted street, I scrutinized her features. I was thunder-struck. The woman was a delicate girl of nineteen summers. Her figure was *petite* and graceful, almost fragile. She had hazel hair and dark brown saucy, laughing eyes that would set your brain in a whirl, and the softest, silvery voice I ever listened to.

"After going some distance, we entered a neat, unpretending little street, in which it seems she lived. I asked her if I might call. After some hesitation she said yes, any afternoon; she never received anyone in the evening; and taking a card from her pocket she hastily wrote her name and address on it, and handing it to me, again thanked me for my kindness and—ahem!—bravery, and bade me good night. On the card was written, "Aimee Lorette, 18 Rue St. Severin. With a great deal of difficulty I managed to find my way home, arriving rather early in the morning, as no doubt you remember.

"I waited impatiently two long days and then called. Aimee received me very cordially in a cosy little sitting-room, and we had a pleasant chat together.

Her parents were both dead, and she lived, would you believe it? entirely alone, with exception of a faithful old Algerian, a servant who had been long in the service of her family.

"After my first call I went to see Aimee very frequently, nearly every afternoon: we became first rate friends, and, to be candid, Bob, I fell deeply in love with her. Yesterday I asked her to become my wife and go to Ireland with me, or anywhere to the four corners of the globe, for that matter. She flatly refused me, saying she liked me as a friend, but had never yet seen a man she could love, and never expected to; and further, forbade me ever to mention the subject again; and I left in a huff."

"That is quite a romance, Pat," I laughingly exclaimed.

"But what am I to do?"

"Since she does not love you, I cannot perceive that there is anything to be done."

"But something must be done," persisted Pat.

"Pack up and leave Paris," I suggested.

"I can't leave Aimee," he groaned.

I pointed out to him the absurdity of forming such an attachment for a girl of whose character, family, and position he knew absolutely nothing. I expostulated, pleaded, entreated, beseeched, but words were useless.

Finally, we came to an agreement to the effect that I should go with him to see Aimee, and when I had fully made her acquaintance, I was to intercede for him; should this fail, he promised to bear the disappointment with fortitude and leave Paris.

I saw Aimee. Making some allowance for Pat's exuberant fancy, his description had been tolerably correct.

The fluency with which she spoke English led me to suspect that her home had not always been in France; but I said nothing.

In time, Aimee and I became quite confidential friends, though towards Pat, since his declaration, she always appeared a little reserved. I found her well educated, intelligent and refined, and above all, decidedly original. Finally I interceded for Pat; but she would not listen to me, and I saw at once that his case was hopeless.

Pat endeavored to bear his disappointment like a man, and shortly afterwards receiving intelligence of the serious illness of his only sister, he left for Dublin.

After Pat's departure I went to see Aimee very frequently, for I missed his society, and hers was quite acceptable. I was convinced of the purity of her character, and that she had one day been in better circumstances. But very gradually she grew reserved and shy, and concluding that she had tired of my society I discontinued my visits, and in the course of time left Paris.

It was evident that Pat, like myself, was no letter-writer. Nearly a twelvemonth elapsed before I heard from him. He had quietly settled down, and—bless my soul!—the rascal was actually married.

"How is Aimee?" he inquired in his letter; and I know he blushed when he wrote that name, for there was a big awkward blot directly above it.

"Men's hearts are curious things," thought I, my mind reverting to Paris, and the Rue St. Severin; and growing restless, I packed my box forthwith and wandered off on one of my rambling tours.

Being at Rome one day in the studio of a young artist, an acquaintance of mine, a half-finished portrait of Aimee Lorette arrested my attention.

"Ah!" said the artist. "That is a pretty French girl with whom I have been trying to pick up an acquaintance for the last month; but she is modest, and will not flirt. She lives next door. I have been painting her portrait from memory. She used to pass by my window every day, but I hear she is very ill now, poor girl!"

Aimee ill! I bade the young artist good afternoon with more haste, I fear, than is consistent with good manners, and hurried next door.

I was admitted by the old Algerian servant.

Mademoiselle Aimee would see me, and I was ushered into a neat, tastefully furnished chamber where she was sitting in an easy chair, looking very pale and ill.

She sprang up with an ejaculation of surprise as she saw me, a faint blush mantling cheek and brow as she extended me her hand.

"I never thought to see you again, Monsieur Gordon."

"I am very sorry to see you so ill, Aimee," I said sadly.

"I do not believe I shall live long," she said with a faint smile, "and the few who would be sorry to see me die would soon forget me, and—and there is only one whom I would care to live for."

"A lover, perhaps, Aimee?" I said lightly.

"No," she cried passionately, "for he loves me not."

Our eyes met, and I read her secret as she divined mine, and clasped her to my bosom.

I had loved her very long, but my pride had never suffered it to appear either in look, word or deed, for I had thought my love was not returned.

How poor a reader of woman's heart is man!

"Why did you leave Paris without coming to say good-bye?" Aimee asked reproachfully.

"Because, Aimee, I thought you were tired of my society," I replied. "Why did you grow so cold and shy?"

"Because—because I—I loved you," she falteringly whispered, as the rosy blushes crimsoned her pale features.

She promised to become my wife as soon as she recovered her health. I experienced the sensations of a second boyhood; everything that before had seemed dull and insipid now appeared novel and interesting. I was very happy, but my joy was of brief duration. Aimee grew rapidly worse. Physicians were of no avail.

Nothing was withheld that would rescue her from the hand of death; but she died—died as the last mellow ray of the departing sun illuminated the chamber and fell asiant her pale wan features—died with my name upon her lips—died happy.

Many years have elapsed since then. I am now an old bachelor, and my head is as gray as my heart; yet every twilight, as I sit by the fire, and muse on bygone days, my eyes instinctively turn towards my flower-gemmed bay window, and I think of sunny Italy, where sighing breezes kiss the silver lines above the grave of the only one I ever loved—the brown-eyed, hazel-haired little French girl of the Rue. St. Severin.

Winning a Nobleman.

BY PERCY VERE.

ROSE and Vera Ellis two pretty sisters were engaged reading a letter signed Cornelia Caryl, and dated Newport, a day before.

Rose's blue eyes danced as she read it, and she clasped her hands in a little ecstatic way she was in the habit of doing when she was pleased.

"Vera, it is just too splendid for anything! Aunt Cornelia is just too good, isn't she? Of course it will be you—it should be you! When shall you go? Only think, a month at Newport."

Vera folded the letter slowly up again, a smile coming to her royally beautiful mouth.

"I am not at all sure it is I who will accept auntie's kind invitation. You haven't been away from the farm for three years, Rose, not since we all spent that delicious week in the Catskills. I am very sure it is you who will go to auntie's cottage at Newport, dear. I hope so."

Rose laughed gaily.

"What an idea, Vera! Indeed, I shall not even think of such nonsense. You're the beauty of the family; you will go and create a sensation, and come home with a photograph of my future brother-in-law in your locket, handsome, wealthy, elegant, and—a German count, or a French duke, or an English lord, just as like as not. Maybe a Russian prince! Of course you'll go, my Princess Vera."

Vera laughed, she could not help it, at the comical little way in which Rose salaamed to her—veritably a princess by royal right of loveliness and grace, and womanliness.

"Honor bright, Rose, wouldn't you like to go?"

The serious grey eyes looked in the sunny blue eyes, and then a tiny flush began to warm to a deeper lusciousness on the wild-rose cheeks.

"That's not fair, Vera. That's what I should emphatically call a leading question. Do you want to go?"

"And under what head do you place your inquiry, I should like to know?"

Rose tossed her pretty bright head imperiously, with a light laugh.

"I won't be catechised; but aunt Cornelia's letter must be answered, all the same, by return of post, according to request. We will decide whether you are to go or not—this way."

She stooped and picked up a shining little pebble from the edge of the flower bed, and went through some mysterious motions with her hands behind her, then held out two tightly-closed, dimpled fists.

"Take your choice Vera. If you get the stone you go. *Vice versa*. That's fair enough isn't it?"

Vera reached out her finger daintily, and, touched the fortunate hand while Rose gave a little shriek of delight.

"Now, now! Of course you'll be introduced to my brother-in-law, the count, or the duke, or the lord. Let's go right back, and while I rip up the Swiss suit to make it over, with pink and blue Silesia, for one of your toilets, you can answer the letter. To-morrow, we'll go to the city and spend the forty dollars, butter and egg money, we've saved, and on Thursday you will start on your tour of conquest."

But somehow there were tears instead of smiles in Princess Vera's grey eyes.

"Was there ever another such an unselfish, darling sister as you? Rose, Rose, I hope for your sake there will be a fabulously rich, elegant brother-in-law, that he may repay you by taking you wherever you wish to go."

And saucy little rose opened her blue eyes in well-simulated indignation.

"The idea! As if I don't intend having my own brother-in-law of yours to take me where I please. Thank you, Miss Ellis, and don't be patronizing because you happen—merely happen—to be going to Newport."

A week later, Vera Ellis was *en route* for Mrs. Caryl's villa, with a trunk full of lovely dresses, that had not cost so much in money as in art, and taste, and ingenuity; and Rose, quite lonesome and forlorn, stood leaning over the lane-gate, under the shade of the big horse chestnut, just as an elegant little phaeton and coal-black pony went by, with the very handsomest gentleman in it that Rose's blue eyes had ever seen: eyes that opened a little wider than ever as the pony condescended to be reined in beside the gate, and the gentleman touched his hat courteously.

"I beg your pardon, but is this Squire Ellis's place?"

"Yes, sir," she said, with an aggravating little flush on her face.

"And is this Miss Ellis?"

"I am Miss Rose; my sister has just gone away to Newport," she could not help adding, with a certain little pride that she realized, the moment she said it, was egregiously silly.

Evidently the handsome stranger thought it amusing, for he smiled faintly with his mouth, while his eyes were overflowing with merriment.

And almost unconsciously a little sigh followed her words.

"Yes; well I don't know. Newport's all very well, if one likes a continual round of excitement and gaiety. For myself I prefer the country—such a quiet romantic place as Miss Ellis has left, for instance."

Rose gave him an incredulous look.

"I mean it. I am looking now for a place to spend the summer. After I had taken Miss Ellis to her aunt I should have said au revoir, and rushed off to the most rural place I could find. Do you know this just suits me?"

And just then they reached the big cool shady piazza.

There motherly Mrs. Ellis sat knitting, and the farmer lay stretched comfortably on the grass in front of the door, taking his afternoon siesta.

"So I am just too late then. I am Victor Lennox, a friend of your aunt, Mrs. Caryl, and she delegated to me the pleasant privilege of escorting Miss Ellis to Newport."

Rose laughed, her own especial bewildering, sweet little laugh.

"You've missed your privilege by just eight hours, Mr. Lennox. If you will drive up to the house, I am very sure that papa and mamma will thank you for your good intentions."

A horse's head was never turned quicker than Victor Lennox's black pony's.

"I certainly wish no thanks, Miss Rose, but I think an apology is due to Miss Ellis's parents for my stupid awkwardness in misunderstanding my orders."

Rose walked demurely beside the carriage, so lithe, graceful, girlish, so saucily sweet that it was little wonder Mr. Lennox felt resigned to his fate.

"Vera would have been delighted, I dare say," she said politely. "She went entirely alone, but I daresay auntie will have some one to meet her at Fall River, as we telegraphed she was unaccompanied. I suppose she will have a splendid time."

And when after the introduction Victor Lennox asked many and interested questions about the accommodations of the neighborhood for summer boarders, little fair-haired Rose was wondering what it was that made her feel as she had never before felt in her life.

And the upshot of it was that Mr. Victor Lennox took up his abode in the Ellis farm-house, and Rose began to know that for her life had just begun.

The delicious days went by, and with every succeeding one, they both knew they loved each other, and before Vera's seventh semi-weekly letter had come, containing the shyly-told news that she was engaged—not to a count, or a duke, or a lord, but to St. John Rossitur, the dearest, best, handsomest fellow in all the world, a great friend and lifelong acquaintance of aunt Cornelia—little June-sky-eyed Rose had her own sweet secret to tell.

"But I shan't say a word by mail. He will be here when you come home, and then I'll show you whether or not my brother-in-law elect is as good, and dear, and handsome as your brother-in-law of the future."

The very earliest suggestion of the coming autumn was in the evening air—the lovely evening when Vera came home, Mr. Rossitur with her, proud, happy, certainly handsome and surprised, as Rose's lover stepped forward to be introduced, a quiet merry smile in his eyes as he extended his hand.

"How are you, old fellow? Glad indeed to see you!"

And Rossitur's reply—

"Lennox, is it possible? Why—well, this is a surprise, and a most delightful one. We thought you had gone home, disgusted with America and all it contained."

And Rose looked at Vera, and Vera at her—a little hushed, almost terrified, look in Rose's eyes.

Then Vera stroked and kissed her.

"You have won a nobleman, my darling, here in your quiet home; and you were so determined it should be I. But I am satisfied."

"And so am I; but it is your fault. Only supose you had been here when Victor came!"

Vera stroked the lovely fair hair.

"I think it would have been just the same, my lady."

And that was what came of their holidays.

PRACTICAL JOKERS despise "a man who can't take a joke." One yanked a chair from under Ragbag the other day. Ragbag got up very wrathy. He was about to assault the joker, when the latter cried: "I thought you were a different sort of a man; I thought you could take a joke." Then Ragbag quieted down. He said he could. He went out and returned with a pail of horribly dirty water and a cowhide. He dashed the water all over the joker and then proceeded to cowhide him. The joker howled, shrieked, swore and protested, but Ragbag said it was "only a joke," and then he threw a cuspidore at the joker and laced him some more. And the crowd hurrahed and yelled at the joker not to get mad; it was a mean man who couldn't take a joke. And at last the joker fled through the window, and the crowd cheered Ragbag. That's the kind of a man Ragbag is, and folks think well of him, and they are going to elect him to Congress.

THE acme of politeness was reached by the Nevada mining superintendent who posted a placard reading: "Please do not tumble down the shaft."

LOVE depends on the loving, and not on the loved.

FLOATING FLOWERS.

BY M. C. F.

'Twas long ago in summer-time
I sat by the sparkling sea,
And the waves rolled on in their ceaseless chime,
And sang their sweet songs to me.
Idly I watched those wavelets break
On the cold gray stones of the pier,
And idly I mused on life and love,
Not knowing that Fate drew near.

And little I recked what those songs might mean,
That sounded so blithe and gay,
As they flooded the air from their depths so green,
In that sweet yet solemn day.
And after long years the sunlight gleams
As bright as it gleamed long ago;
And the waters that sang of my happy dreams
Now relentlessly sing of my woe.

I cast a fair flower on the waves that day,
And watched it float off with the tide;
I cast it in faith that it still would stay
On the waters at my side.
But a whirlpool caught it and down it sank,
Never again to rise;
And a faded leaf from the shadowing bank
Is all that now meets my eyes.

And, alas, 'twas my youth and my fond heart's love
That I cast that day on the tide,
And my hope was firm in a Power above,
And I cared not for aught beside.
Now nothing remains but that leaflet scar
To speak of the bliss long gone by;
Yet I hold in my heart its memory dear,
Which will blossom eternally.

In Murder Hollow.

BY W. S. FULLER.

THERE was a scene of wildest excitement in "Murder Hollow."

The "majesty of the law" as the rude, uncultivated miners assembled about a huge pine fire, in a wierd hollow among the everlasting hills of Colorado, conceived it to be, was about to be vindicated in their own peculiar way.

A very grave-looking old man, holding the office of judge, and known by no other than his official title, occupied an elevated seat in the midst of the noisy crowd.

The foremost of the jury had just pronounced the verdict of "guilty" against the prisoner arraigned before the bar for stealing his partner's money.

The crowd, waiting for the Judge to pronounce sentence, began to jeer and jibe at White Jim, (a title of derision that had clung to the prisoner ever since his appearance among them,) and some of them began to cry, and the cry grew to a hoarse, universal shout:

"Where is the money, Jim?" "Bring out Rattlesnake's money, and we'll let you off." "Get the money! the money!"

Then they began to press upon him, leaning their distorted visages toward him, leering at him cruelly.

One taunt thrown back to them, one quick movement in self-defence, and the unhappy man would have been torn to pieces by the bloodthirsty mob.

The brutal part lying dormant in every man's nature was inflamed and dominant now, and they were thirsting for the blood of the man, whose unwise pride and demonstration of superiority had made them all hate him, but each waited for the other to lay hands upon him.

The "Stranger," as he was still often called, though he had been with them nearly a year, slowly retreating before his persecutors until he leaned against a gray rock, stood, silent and rigid, with folded arms and face white and immobile as if cut from marble, glared upon his mad foes with a passionate loathing, a withering contempt in the proud, steel-blue eyes.

The very majesty of manhood in the erect form, and brave, scornful face kept his tormenters at bay.

The Judge, unperceived, stole quietly away from the crowd.

He could not pass sentence upon the man who nursed him faithfully through a malignant fever, when deserted by everyone else in camp, and who saved his Tom's life when attacked by a ferocious "grizzly."

The rabble, growing weary at length of tormenting their victim, turned to look for the Judge.

He was not to be found, and they hastily selected another to fill his place.

Perhaps it was unfair that that other should be Jim's injured partner and bitterest enemy—Rattlesnake.

But, after all, human justice is always a mockery, even in the proudest courts of law.

A hush fell on the grim and grizzly-visaged men, as Rattlesnake said in his hoarse, guttural tones:

"The prisoner is sentenced to be hanged by the neck until dead, at the first peep o' day to-morrow!"

It was not an usually harsh sentence for Murder Hollow, and was received with universal approbation.

After that a guard was selected for the prisoner, consisting of Rattlesnake and the Judge, who had returned from his stroll, looking very perplexed and sorrowful.

The other miners dispersed to their different cabins, and soon a profound silence reigned over the weird spot bearing so uncanny a name.

The "stranger" sat down at the foot of the rock by which he had been standing. He never bowed his head but held it proudly erect still, in this hour of darkest trial, looking bravely to the quiet stars in the soft sky; the stars that looked sorrowfully down upon him as though they knew how "the waters" were encompassing his soul. Rattlesnake sat near on a fallen log—a rifle lying across his knees, two pistols and a gleaming knife in his belt. He watched his prisoner in gloating triumph, scarcely ever taking his cruel, sinister eyes from the white, set face clearly defined in the moonlight.

The Judge, unarmed, sat at some distance from the other man reflectively smoking a handsome meerschaum, a gift from the prisoner.

The dead silence was suddenly broken by a rustle among the bushes; a light footfall, and a cheery young voice exclaims as a girl's hand is laid with boyish familiarity on the prisoner's shoulder.

"Illion, old chap! In hard luck eh? I'm sorry;" the voice softening perceptibly.

Rattlesnake moves uneasily, toying restlessly with his rifle. The Judge's face grows more sorrowful, and he smokes more energetically.

Jim raised his hand and clasped the girl's slim fingers spasmodically, for the moment almost unnerved. Her fingers tightened round his for an instant, and then approaching Rattlesnake she threw herself on the ground at his feet, and laying her soft hand kindly over his, said in a low voice:

"Well, Rattlesnake, you were right after all about him," nodding toward the prisoner, "I always thought I was shrewd, but I liked him from the first, so I'll give it up that you are sharper than I, and will accept your estimate of people and things hereafter."

The man laid his gun down and folded his hands over that of his companion, never seeing how she winced at the touch.

Jim closed his eyes wearily, and the Judge's meerschaum dropped unheeded from his lips, as he wondered in blank dismay if his Fan was "going back" on her best friend.

"I am sorry I was so blind and would not let you see for me," Fan went on in the same low tone, "but I did like Jim," toying nervously with her companion's hand, "because"—choking a little—"he was so kind to father and Tom. And—I want you to let him go."

Rattlesnake throws her hand from him and moves away scowling at her.

She does not notice, but goes on a little faintly:

"If you'll do this for me—I'll marry you."

There is a great lump in her throat, so that she can scarcely say the words, but they are uttered now and they are irrevocable.

The great eyes fastened upon the coarse, cruel face above her are wild and black with pain.

Rattlesnake smiles again, leaning toward his companion, says hoarsely:

"Well, I know you'll never go back on your word, and—I'll do it."

The girl slips helplessly to the ground, but she does not faint, and presently she says very weakly:

"No, I'll never break my word. Now you may go."

She motions him away, and he cannot resist, but rises without a word and disappears among the dark shadows.

Fan approaches the prisoner, and putting both her hands in his, says smilingly:

"You may go now."

He does not understand at first. He has just surrendered every hope and made himself familiar with death, and the sudden change from death to life bewilders him.

At last, when she makes him understand, he breaks down utterly, and bowing his face on his hands sobs like a child.

Fan sits down beside him and lays one hand gently on his bowed head, waiting for him to calm himself, and presently he speaks.

"I know I owe my life to you, Fan, though you will not say so. You are the truest friend in the world—the bravest, noblest woman. It was hard to die like a rat in a hole," speaking as though he really had died, "to die ignominiously like a felon and a coward, without ever seeing Lil or mother again. But, after all," he went on, "it is almost as hard to go back to them penniless. I suppose they have received my letter ere this, stating how I had succeeded beyond my wildest expectations and was coming home a rich man. Dear little mother! she should never have had another moment's trouble or worry. And I can't ask Lil, delicately nurtured as she had been, to share the toil and privations of a poor man's life."

He broke down with a groan, and Fan turned away abruptly.

Her father, smoking placidly, interposed at this juncture.

"Jim, you'd better go quick, or the cruel dogs will be upon you."

Jim, shaking hands first with Fan and then with her father, silently took his departure.

The Judge strolled away after him, stopping to put Fan's head and remark that she was a "brick."

The girl sat down where Jim had been sitting and nervously clasping and unclasping her hands rocked herself slowly to and fro in dumb agony until a strange dull noise broke upon the silence.

She erected her head like a startled fawn and listened intently.

The hoarse, dull roar drew nearer; in the east glimmered the first grey light of dawn.

They were coming for Jim, the cruel bloodhounds! and with the thought she sprang to her feet; then she hesitated.

The sullen roar, borne to her upon the wailing wind, grows more distinct.

"They will find him!" she moans, wringing her hands, then with a sudden thought she adds "there is one hope yet," and she dashes into her father's cabin.

Taking a suit of clothes, including boots—a present from Jim to her father, very like those worn by the prisoner, and hastily throwing off her own clothes she donned those.

In the bottom of her trunk is a false mustache, which she used in masquerading once while on a visit to some cousins in the States.

They are very like Jim's, and she hastily fastens them on, then unfastening her long hair takes a knife and cuts it short.

The self-constituted executioners are very near now, and their cries are deafening.

Fan puts an old slouch hat on her head and rushes out to face the rabble.

Instantly they seize her, asking "where is Rattlesnake and the Judge?" but she does not speak.

In the darkness they cannot see their mistake.

A long rope is produced by eager hands, one end is fastened round her neck, and the other thrown over a large, leafy bough that an aged oak extends lovingly toward the humble little house it has shaded since Fan's dark eyes first saw the light.

Poor Fan! she chokes back a sob and tries to remember a prayer, but has only whispered, "God help Dad and Jim!" when a dozen men grasping the other end of the rope, her slender form is swinging in mid-air, and her unprepared young soul has started its journey across the "wild that no man has known."

The men all wave their hats with a cheer for justice, then betake themselves to their morning's work, saying:

"I guess the Judge can spare the time to cut his friend down, and 'Pretty Fan' can say the prayer for him that we didn't give him time to say for himself."

An hour later half the miners had eaten their breakfast and repaired to their daily work in distant gulches, but some of them are still standing together talking over their camp-fires about the events of the previous night when the Judge walks gravely up to them, driving Rattlesnake before him and carrying on his shoulder a heavy-looking sack filled with shining gold, which he throws on the ground, and laying his hand on Rattlesnake's shoulder, says tersely:

"This is the thief, boys! I watched him scramble round among the rocks till he came to this," touching the gold with his foot, "and then I brought 'em both here. My prisoner can take Jim's place"—not knowing that Jim's place was filled.

The "boys" stared wildly at each other with livid faces.

The element of cruelty was strong within them, and they had thoroughly enjoyed their morning's work, but they would have had no part in it had they not thought it just and now that avenging angel Conscience began to torment them with direful threatenings.

In the weakness of human nature they blamed Rattlesnake for their error, and with a thirst for revenge added to their greed for blood they rushed upon the unhappy wretch with a demoniacal yell, and like beasts literally tore him to pieces, as they did so making their way to the spot where one of their number had already been sacrificed on the altar of "Justice."

The sun was shining brightly now and the birds were singing blithely round the Judge's silent home.

Rattlesnake was quite dead but his executioners shouted "Cut the other down, let's have this carcass up there! The rope was cut and a lifeless body fell with a dull third to the earth.

A low cry of intense horror and despair was wrung from the livid lips of the men as they saw the dead face of "Pretty Fan."

She was the only woman in the camp, their good angel and their idol, the pet and darling of the hardest heart there.

Instinctively they they all looked back toward the Judge's bent figure, leisurely strolling toward them, and they closed round the dead form on the ground, looking at each other in mute, helpless agony.

But it must come sooner or later; they cannot prevent the dread catastrophe.

The Judge is struck by the sudden silence that has fallen on the men and hurriedly elbows his way among them, wondering at their white haggard faces.

"Dogs! You have already killed him!" he says between his clenched teeth, anger and indignation flaming in his eyes as he first sees the rigid young face.

He stares at it wonderingly: then looking round eagerly, misses his daughter's bright presence.

The truth seems to flash suddenly upon him, but they are not sure that he quite understands, for he begins to cry "Fan!" Fan!" until the grey rocks echo and re-echo with the dead girl's name.

It is more than her murderers can bear, and they turn away, leaving the mad old man with his murdered child.

A Relief at Last, When Everything Else Had Failed.

SIEGERVILLE, PA.' November 15, 1880.

DR. HOLMAN:

Dear Sir:—I must express my heartfelt thanks to you and your remedies for what they have done for me.

Last August, when in Buffalo, N. Y., I purchased one of your Liver Pads, wore it one month, and am fully restored to health. I was very badly off and could scarcely attend to the duties of my office.

I had tried everything for the Liver Complaint, and all to no purpose; but your Pad has made me healthy and rugged, and I have gained in flesh over 20 pounds.

Hoping for your success,
I remain,
Your humble servant and well-wisher,
W. R. SIZER, P. M.

HOLMAN'S PADS for sale by all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $2. Address HOLMAN PAD CO., 744 Broadway N. Y.

Scientific and Useful

TO REMOVE RUST.—To remove rust from knives; cover them with sweet oil well rubbed on, and after two days take a lump of fresh lime and rub till the rust disappears.

ELECTRICITY.—At the Electrical Exhibition an English inventor had an apparatus of his invention which may prove of great importance. Any number from 1 to 999 can be automatically signaled by it on one wire by a single movement of the transmitter, so that on opening a box at the receiving station the number will be found displayed. An adequate description of the machinery would occupy too much space in the absence of diagrams.

HUMAN SALIVA.—If the statements contained in the late memoir by an eminent French scientist are well founded, human saliva is essentially of the same poisonous nature as the substance which is secreted in the fang-sacs of the venomous class of serpents. By lixiviating and purifying 20 grammes of saliva he obtained a material which, when injected in the form of a solution under the skin of a bird, produced trembling, coma, and complete stupor, and, finally, death. The popular belief that the pain caused by a human bite is but trifling compared with what may afterward result would appear to be not at all superstitious.

WASHING.—All wool dress goods or colored flannel should be washed out quickly in tepid water, rinsed in water of the same temperature, wrung dry and then folded up for a time, together with one or two sheets, so that the moisture shall be extracted by the cotton or linen; they should then be ironed till dry. Salt or beef's gall in the water helps to set black. A tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine to a gallon of water sets most blues and alum is very efficacious in setting green. Black or very dark calicoes should be stiffened with gum arabic—five cents' worth is enough for a dress. If, however, starch is used the garment should be turned wrong-side out.

HOP STEMS.—Hop stems may be utilized for cordage by collecting the stems and runners some twenty-four hours after the hops have been picked, tying them together in bundles about five feet in length by half a yard in diameter, and steeping in water in the same manner as hemp. Here they are allowed to remain from three to four weeks, after which they are taken out, placed on end to drain for awhile, dried in the sun for twenty-four hours, and then stored in dry, well-ventilated sheds. The separation of the fibres from the woody portion of the steeped stems is readily effected by passing them between two cylindrical rollers. The fibres, as thus obtained, are of a light brown color, and from twelve to sixteen inches long. They are then carded in the same manner as flax, and in this state afford a very valuable material for the production of cordage and similar rough products.

Farm and Garden.

OLEANDERS.—All parts of the oleander are deadly. A very small quantity of the leaves has been known to kill a horse. The flowers have produced death in those persons who carelessly picked and ate them. The branches, divested of their bark, and used as skewers, have poisoned the meat roasted on them and killed seven out of twelve who partook of it.

WASTED LAND.—One of the obstacles to improved farming is the amount of land needlessly wasted even on the best farms by stone heaps, bushes and weeds. The stones are too often gathered into unsightly heaps in the fields, or thrown into the corner of the fences. Perhaps the best use they can be put to, if there is no need of them for the purpose of drainage, is for utilization in road beds.

GROUPING COLORS IN TREES.—A writer in the *Garden* has properly recommended more attention to the grouping of variously colored foliage in the trees planted for landscape effect, and among other cites the fine combination and contrast effected by planting together the copper beech and the white poplar: the dark, rich leaf of the one and the light, silver-gray of the other presenting a striking appearance when turned up by the wind or in the sunshine. The ailanthus and sumach are recommended for grouping together, and the maple and the sweet gum.

KEEPING BEES.—Bees are great foragers. If you do not prefer to grow flowering trees and plants for them they will rob your neighbor, traveling great distances and working faithfully. Fences cannot keep them from an adjoining farm when duty calls, but night will always find them returning home well filled. Shade trees are often honey-producing; and there are many useless plants and weeds that are put to good use by them. Clover and buck-wheat have literally "seas of honey" in them. Among the trees that produce honey might be mentioned the maple, locust and poplar, as likewise the apple, pear, cherry, etc. The small fruits could be cultivated with greater profit, with bees as an adjunct, as they can always be seen busily at work on the blackberry, gooseberry, raspberry, and, to say more there is hardly a vegetable that grows that does not furnish them with honey. A grazing country is also well adapted to them.

THE fairest faces are sometimes marred by myriads of pimples, and markings of tetter or freckles, which are readily removed by a popular toilet dressing, known as Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. Even scrofulous ulcers yield to it.

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and an extra Diamond Premium to the sender of the club, and for every three subscriptions thereafter at the same rate we will present the sender with an additional Premium. The whole set may be secured in this way without expense, and as each subscriber in the club receives THE POST one year and a Premium, a very little effort among friends and acquaintances should induce them to subscribe. If anyone subscribing for THE POST and New Premium regrets the investment after examination, he has only to return the Premium in good order, and he will receive his money by return mail.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 12, 1881.

Table of Contents.

SERIALS—"A SHADOWED LOVE" and "ARDEN COURT."
SHORT STORIES.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
FACETIÆ.
BRIC-A-BRAC.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
FARM AND GARDEN.
HUMOROUS.
GRAINS OF GOLD.
FEMININITIES.
FACETIÆ.
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.
EDITORIALS.
SANCTUM CHAT.
CORRESPONDENCE.
NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY and POETRY.

MISTAKES.

There are thousands of single men who have no home-life, and they think it beyond their reach. Their evenings are long, tedious and dull, and they go to much expense to get relief. They buy tobacco, they pay for stimulants, they patronize places of amusement; they keep up forms of society that cost them something; in their own way they entertain; and they would confess, in moments of frankness, that they are not very happy, after all. After a little the commoner forms of enjoyment become insipid, and they have to go farther; and, in a certain proportion of cases, before they think they can afford home-life, they are unfitted for its enjoyment. They are prematurely old, dilapidated in feeling, bankrupt in affection, incapable of adaptation to new and gentler ways, "rakes"—more or less penitant, but condemned to miss the sweetness and aroma of life, however favorable their circumstances may become.

They did not know that with right ideas of life it would have been easier and cheaper for them to have married fitting wives; that they wasted on needless, and often noxious, indulgences as much as would have—in the hands of a help-mate—secured the pure, serene and satisfying happiness which they sought in vain, and will seek in vain forever.

Nor is the stronger sex the only blunderers on this side of life. There are thousands of women who have no idea that life may be worth living even if divested of the luxuries and pleasures which they have either enjoyed or dreamed of. Honest affection, unless backed by wealth, is spurned; and too often wealth, where the affection is little rated, and indeed sometimes little worth, is reason enough for a woman to promise love, honor, and obedience for life. Poor thing! She makes a great mistake; and soon the disenchantment is complete.

There is certainly a great deal of wrong-doing by men and women, the wrong of which is so plain to all on-lookers, that one wonders what motive there can be for sacrificing thus their obvious interests. Pride, malice, and revenge account for many things. But there is a class of evils for which ignorance is to be blamed; and in recognizing this factor we are helped at once to pity, while we blame, the wrong-doer, and we are shown one thing at least that may be attempted in the way of this reform.

People need recreation. Every sane man knows that. It is at times as clearly one's duty to laugh, to "loaf," to lounge, as it is at others to weep, to strain every nerve, and to deny oneself. And because this is true, and men feel it to be, they go into—not recreation, renewing, making over again (for that is the meaning of it), but take a very different road.

There are many who ought not in justice to be held accountable for the mistakes they make, having never been taught properly how to proceed.

And with the best of us there are too many, alas! of whom it might truly be said our whole life has been a mistake.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A CURIOUS notion has been floated, viz., a cemetery for animals. The idea, conceived in the sanitary interests of the community will, no doubt, develop its sentiment, and show us startling proofs of true affection between man and beast when we wander between rows of grand, marble-sculptured records.

—

THE war on mutilated coins has devastated many a pocket, and so general is the refusal now to accept clipped or punctured money that its speedy extermination is confidently anticipated. The bogus circular, repudiated by the Treasury Department, pretending that the Government had fixed the values of mutilated coin, seems to have done the business as effectually as it could had it been official.

—

STRONG efforts are being made, but without much success, to turn the stream of emigration aside from the United States. Canada, on the north, is paying a part of the steamship fares of persons who promise to settle on their lands, and Mexico, on the south, failing by other means, has just made a contract for the colonization of 200 Italian families, who will be provided with land, implements and stock, free.

—

CODES to cheapen cablegrams are a recent invention. There are persons who do nothing but make them for firms who have occasion to use the ocean cables extensively. A code of seven words is described as being adequate to convey the entire state of the tea market, including the data of the sailing of steamers, the prices of nine grades of tea, the rates of freight by six routes, the amount of purchases for Europe and the United States, the grades upon which the demand is running, the principal buyers, rates of exchange, the number of packages sent in the day's shipments, and the points to which they are consigned. These codes cost from $30 to $6,000.

—

A PHYSICIAN of Germany, who recently died at an advanced age, asserted that his long life was due to the fact that he always slept with his head to the North. He declared that the iron contained in our systems, finding itself in the direction of the magnetic current which continually flows over the surface of the globe towards the North Pole, becomes magnetized, and so increases the energy of the vital principle.

—

ASTRONOMERS are on the lookout for the Star of Bethlehem, last seen in 1572, when it shone so brightly as to be visible at noonday, they fading away assumed various hues until it disappeared. This wonderful star is believed to have been seen in 1264 and 925, and its apparent period extended backward would indicate that it appeared about the time of the birth of Christ. Hence its name. Its place is near the constellation Cassiopeia.

—

A BURGLAR recently arrested in Leadville, but discharged for lack of evidence, is now limping about Colorado with the tools of his profession neatly concealed in his wooden leg. This convenient receptacle was not discovered by the jailer until after he had received instructions to release his prisoner, and he was so desirous of beholding the ingenious arrangement of the wooden leg, that he promised to give the shrewd scoundrel an hour to get away if he would exhibit his novel tool-chest.

—

A PARISIAN journal estimates the total number of recognized medical men throughout the civilized world at 180,000, of whom it assigns 65,000 to the United States, 35,000 to Great Britain and her colonies, 26,000 to France, 32,000 to Germany and Austria, 10,000 to Italy, and 5,000 to Spain. Of the whole number 11,000, it estimates, have contributed to medical literature—2,800 in the United States, 2,600 in France, 2,000 in Great Britain, 2,300 in Germany and Austria, and only 300 in Spain.

—

LAWN TENNIS has been naturalized from one end of the Continent to the other, and may now probably claim to be the most cosmopolitan game in existence. French ladies do not take to it quite as kindly as the nymphs of the Fatherland, or attain in it the same degree of proficiency. On the other hand, it is the rarest thing in the world to see a German youth who can vie successfully with the prowess of the scions of Italy and France. But incomparably the best players—out of England—of both sexes, are Austrians.

—

THE agricultural distress in England has, in a curious way, led to the discussion of the Biblical injunction against work on the Sabbath day. It has so happened that several Sundays have come as pleasant days, preceded and followed by days of inclement weather. The crops were in such a state that every hour counted, but so strong was the Sabbatarian feeling among a large number of the people that tens of thousands of farmers conscientiously refrained from work on Sunday, although by so doing they sacrificed in the aggregate a large lot of money.

—

IT does not cost much to make the little folks happy; time, and permission to use it, is all the most of them ask; but make them sure that the pursuit of happiness is not a contraband affair, but a legitimate and praiseworthy business. Nor can it do any harm to let them accumulate a little stock in trade—marbles, tops, dolls and magic-lanterns, and, if possible, a few pets; in winter time connive at a snow-ball fight or a torn hat; and be sure that a pair of skates, fishing-tackle, and a base-ball outfit are a better investment than a medicine chest. Make your children happy.

—

THERE is at this time scattered through the mountains of California two thousand prospectors. Their lives are spent in looking for signs of gold. They are poor, and their dress proclaims it. They live on hope and scanty food, and never refuse to "take something." Pick in hand, their sharp eyes are quick to spy a speck of gold in the fragment of quartz turned up. The country is covered with their pre-emption claims, always 1,300 feet along the supposed outcrop of the vein. Of 1,000 so marked perhaps one or two may amount to something, and one in 1,000 of those adventurers, after a life of privation, may succeed in realizing a competency. But they average happier lives than most people. They imagine themselves prospective millionaires. A bit of quartz with three specks of gold seen through a magnifying glass sets them wild. There's millions in it. But their gypsy life and its happy excitement unfit them for quiet enjoyment. In age some give it up, and go back to the wilderness and to the excitement of prospective adventure.

—

A PACKAGE of bonds was recently received at the Treasury for redemption. They came from Chicago. The Treasury officers were puzzled to know what particular species of villainy had been perpetrated or attempted, which could have given rise to such a mysterious procedure. The explanation came by letter the next day. The owner of the bonds was in New York, and wrote to his wife in Chicago, asking her to send him the numbers of his bonds, and send the bonds themselves to the Treasury. The faithful creature complied literally by cutting out the numbers from both bonds and coupons.

—

FROM the inquiries conducted by Professor Cohn, of Breslau, for some sixteen years past, he ventures the assertion that shortsightedness is rarely or never born with those subject to it, and almost always is the result of strains sustained by the eye during study in early youth. Myopia, as this ailment is called, is said to be of rare occurrence among pupils of rural or village schools, its frequency increasing in proportion to the demand made upon the eye, as in higher schools and colleges. A better construction of school-desks, an improved typography of text books, and a sufficient lighting of class-rooms are among the remedies proposed for abating this malady.

—

THE Methodist Episcopal Conference of California has taken action on the divorce question. Its resolutions condemn the ease with which divorces can be secured in that State. They also call on the ministers to refuse to perform the marriage service for those who have been divorced for other reasons than those allowed by Scripture, and on no account to perform it except for those who are the innocent ones in the divorce suits. There are many cases in which it is no easy matter for the minister to ascertain who was guilty and who was innocent in a divorce suit. If his only means of information are such as depend for their accuracy on the narrations of the parties themselves, he is likely to be left in a state of majestic bewilderment.

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AN addition is about to be made to the accoutrements of the French army. This is a small metal plate, which every soldier will be required to wear suspended from his neck, engraved with his name and the number of his regiment. It is designed as a means of identification, but aside from this it may be expected to serve a useful purpose not contemplated by the military authorities. Current anecdotes prove (for surely no one would lie upon such a subject) that at least one-half of the soldiers engaged in the late rebellion were preserved from fatal bayonet and bullet wounds by the intervention of their mothers' Bibles. Assuming this proportion as a basis for calculation, it is altogether probable that through the use of these identification tablets, a French army might wage a long and momentous war without the loss of a single man.

—

WE may not be called upon to hunt white foxes in the snow; or to save our life and our child's by splitting with an arrow an apple on its head; or to identify a stolen sheep by looking in its face and swearing to its portrait; but we must do many things essential to our welfare which we should do a great deal better if we had an eye as trained as we readily might have. For example, it is not every man that can hit a nail square on the head, or drive it straight in with a hammer. Few persons can draw a straight line, or cut a piece of cloth or paper even; still fewer can use a pencil as draughtsmen, and fewer still can paint with colors. Yet there is not a calling in which an educated eye, nice in distinguishing form, color, size, distance, and the like, will not be of great service; for though it is not to be denied that some eyes can be educated to a greater extent than others, that can be no excuse for any neglecting to educate the eye. The worse it is, the more it needs education; the better it is, the more it will repay it.

OLD AND NEW.

BY C. S. WILLIAMS.

In place of ornamental brooch
Of precious gems and metal's glint,
She wears an arrow-point of flint
At her fair throat.

A relic of the time-lost past
Chance brought to light of present days,
Of savage men and savage ways
And ruthlessness.

And as the olden owner sought
To draw within the hidden toil
Quick to the death, and quick despoil
Unwary man.

So now a present snare is spread:
A snare of bright-lit, laughing eyes,
Of downcast glances, of half-hushed sighs
And innocence.

"Twitters."

BY THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER V.

AND, meanwhile, what was Twitters doing while all these plots and plans, which if carried out were to militate so seriously to her peace of mind, were being woven in London?

I have said of the two young lovers she was happier than Reginald in the first hour of their parting; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that he, on his part, was escaping from the scene of past happiness and present regrets, hurrying away from temptations and memories at once dangerous and painful, and rushing into the whirl, turmoil, and bustle of the great queen of cities, the mighty absorber of a million cares and sorrows, the grandest cure in its very heartlessness and racket for all sentiment and love-sickness; and where not only was a beautiful woman—a woman who he believed loved him—waiting to receive him with open arms, but where he had all the consolations of clubs, theatres and billiard-rooms, and the thousand and one distractions so efficacious in curing young men of passing fits of love and melancholy.

Widely different was it with Twitters. When the first excitement of the parting and sacrifice had passed off; when day by day she realised more fully that the whole of her life must now be concentrated in an invalid woman and a testy old man, without any break in the form of pleasant visits from Rex, or any hope of a brighter day with him ever dawning; when the conviction came to her that she had had her day and it was over, that there was no more brightness for her except such as she could extract out of her life at the Hall without Rex; that even his love was a thing she must not think of or take pleasure in because it belonged to another woman—then indeed life grew very sore and heavy to her, and the young heart felt inclined to cry with the Psalmist, that its sorrow was more than she could bear.

The fact is, life at the Hall was very dull; and with all her little daily duties Twitters had not enough to do, in default of any better distraction, to keep her heart from feeding on itself and pining, silently indeed, but very sadly and hopelessly, for the absent one. She loved Rex, and she missed him; and wanted him so very badly; worse, of course, now that she could never have him any more than she had ever done in the whole course of her life.

Then, too, she had to hear him constantly talked about; to discuss his marriage; to listen to all sorts of wonders and surmises respecting his future wife; to comfort his mother and keep the baronet in a good temper; and to keep on doing this day after day, while all the time there was going up from her poor little bruised heart a passionate cry for comfort and pity in the hard fate which had fallen on her—the fate that had not only parted her from the only man she had ever loved, but forbade her even to think of him, except as the lover of another woman.

And she did try not to do so; tried as hard and honestly as a good little girl could, and shut her ears when she heard poor, bleeding, ill-used Love cry out from her breast:

"Have pity on me! Feed me! Nurse me! Take me in your arms! Am I not your first, your only one? and have I not been cruelly enough treated as it is? If fate is so harsh need you be the same? Will it make you happier to drive me from you? Ah, why must you be so stern, you, a young, hardly-used girl? Have pity and hide me in your heart! I am wounded, I am suffering! Do not put me away yet a while, at any rate!"

Specious, dangerous pleadings! But Twitters would not listen to them. She knew well enough that from the moment Rex told her of his engagement to Miss Scott how that moment her love for him had become a snare if not a sin; and so she tried hard to fight against it, as a brave pure English girl should, and as many, very many, do fight, let men tempt and belie them as they will, every day of our lives; but withal the struggle was very great, the pain very bitter, and poor little Twitters faded and pined under it, till her blue eyes lost their brightness and her tiny face its fresh rose color; and she moved about only the shadow of herself in her lover's grand old home.

The worst of it was that Mrs. Wyndham pined too, and for much the same cause, only less silently. She wanted Rex.

These two women loved the young man—who, I fear, was as little worthy of it as most men who are the love of such women—so devotedly that they could not bear to be out of his sight.

True, the mother had been very angry at first, and grievously hurt and disappointed at the breakdown of her hopes; but now that her boy was gone, now that weeks had passed without seeing him, just when she had hoped to have him constantly near her after his long previous absence, and, forgetting how her own imprudence had made the girl a victim to the same craving, to use Twitters as a safety-valve for all her complaints and laments over her missing darling.

The baronet wanted him also, though too proud to own it; he only showed his sense of loneliness by greater irritability to the other members of the household than usual.

But the fact was he liked to have Rex about the place. It pleased him to see the handsome face and stalwart figure at his side.

He was proud of his grandson, proud even of his reckless ways and independent speech; and besides liking to have him near to lecture and bully, he hated London, looked on it as a sink of temptation and iniquity, and felt sure that every day spent there would wean the lad more from the ways and manners of his father's home.

So here, you see, were three people, all wearying for a young man who, though far away, was, on his part, longing almost equally to be with them; and, to stifle that longing, hurrying with foolish haste to a loveless and unlovely marriage.

Truly a strange world this, and one in which we all work at cross-purposes with each other.

Rex wrote at intervals to his family; wrote of his arrival in London, of his bachelor apartments, of escorting Miss Scott to various places for seeing and being seen, of his urging her to name the day, of the day being at last fixed, and suitable rooms (Ada objected to binding herself to a house) found for the young couple in the neighborhood of Hyde Park; all of which information came in brief letters written in a forcedly cheerful strain, and invariably addressed to his mother.

He was an honorable man at heart, and he never wrote to Twitters now—never once since that first letter he promised her, that single, passionate, farewell letter, which she, poor girl, kissed and cried over and carried in her bosom, and which now lies, as I verily believe, yellow and worn, laid up in lavender in a certain secret drawer, among the few priceless treasures of a loving woman's life.

Now it happened one day, shortly after the arrival of that letter from Rex which told of the apartments near Hyde Park, Mrs. Wyndham, then sitting working with Twitters in the morning-room, began to whimper a little and say, as usual:

"I want my son. Why has he gone away? Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I have lost him altogether now."

"Don't, dear, don't," said Twitters, in her sweet, coaxing voice. "You will soon see him again. It is only for a little while."

"A little while, when he is going to be married—when he is making a new home for himself so f-far away!" And then there came a little sob with tears in it, which brought Twitters on her knees by the sofa in a moment, and two warm soft young arms round the widow's body.

"Now, auntie, darling, don't be silly. What if he is going to—to be married, all men do the same some time or other, and without loving their little mothers one bit the less; and when it is over you will have a daughter as well as a son; and she will love you too, first for his sake and then for your own; so—"

"Horrid woman!" broke in imprudent Mrs. Wyndham. "I can't bear the thought of her; and as to her loving me, I am sure I shall never even like her. 'Daughter' indeed!"

I'm afraid this was rather pleasant to Twitters for a moment; but the next she said to herself was:

"You spiteful little thing," and went on coaxing.

"But, auntie, this is naughty, and you must try and like her. You will, you know, if she is Rex—his wife, and if she loves him; and then you will go to see them and be made much of—"

"No, no," cried the mother sadly, "I can't do that. I can't go away from home. I never have even for a day since that morning my darling left me, and said, as he kissed me before mounting, that if I stayed at home for him he would be back early; and even if I could Sir Wyndham would not spare me. You know I never go to see my poor people without his declaring he has wanted me. He would miss me dreadfully, and be more angry than ever with poor Rex. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Then they will come to see you instead," persisted Twitters. "They must come here after the wedding, of course; and then you will have him again, and will make her acquaintance as well. Don't you want to see her? She must be so very handsome, to judge from her photograph, and you know you like to look at handsome women. Now don't say no, for you do; and so does grandpapa. Indeed, I believe he will get so proud of his beautiful daughter-in-law, that he won't want to let them go away again, and so you will be happy once more."

"But, my darling," said the mother, cheering a little under the winning voice and smile, and happily unconscious that Twitters, in her innocence, was drawing out the very same programme as Captain Scott had done before her, "grandpapa won't hear of their coming here. He gets angry if they are even talked of. He is as displeased at all this as it is possible to be. How can they come?"

"Oh, grandpapa can be coaxed. Don't you think he must miss Rex himself?" (She was getting braver and did not bungle at the name this time.) "We can easily persuade him into inviting them, if we let him think it is his own idea. It does not do to urge him too much about a thing, that's all," said Miss Twitters, who, for all her simplicity, had a very tolerable notion how to manage mankind.

"Do you really think so?" cried Mrs. Wyndham more cheerfully still. "Oh, how glad I should be if it were so. Twitters, he will always do most for you. You must try to manage it, my pet."

Twitters colored a little, and the soft arms relaxed their hold as she answered:

"Could not you do it as well, auntie?"

"I never can do anything for myself. And of that sort! Why I should just get so nervous that grandpapa would fly into a rage at the very beginning. My dear child, it makes me quite warm to think of it; but you—who never mind—Ah!" (and her voice suddenly changed) "what a selfish creature I am! My poor child, I had quite forgotten. Oh, of course, they cannot come here."

"Why not, and what had you forgotten, auntie?" asked Twitters, very pale, but as coolly as possible.

"You! Ah! how could I be so thoughtless! You could not like to meet them?"

"No," said Twitters, quite quietly, though her poor little face was now as red as fire. She hid it quickly against the widow's bosom, and went on. "No, I should not like that. I do not mean because I care for him still, or because he did care for—" (she was fibbing now and knew it, so gave a big gulp) "but it would be awkward and unpleasant for—for both of us. He might think I had not forgotten, and Oh, no, I could not meet them just yet; but that is no reason they should not come here."

"No reason indeed, my darling child!" and Mrs. Wyndham fell to kissing and fondling the young thing at her feet, caresses which Twitters received and returned with equal warmth till she was able to resume.

"I could go away."

"Very likely! My dear, what do you think of me? I am a foolish, selfish woman, I know. I love my boy's society dearly, but not to that extent. What, send you away that his wife may come here? Never!"

"No, not send me away, but let me go for a little," replied Twitters. "Does it not occur to you, auntie, that I deserve a holiday sometimes? Most girls get them now and then, you know; and I really think I should like one now. It would do me good. No, you needn't look anxious! I am quite well, perfectly; but, Oh, I am tired, not of you or the squire, I don't mean that, but of being always here, always in the same place, thinking the same thoughts, saying the same thing from year's end to year's end. Do not you find me very wearysome at times? I often feel so stupid and tired of myself that I wonder people can bear the sight of me. And now see, we shall be together all our lives—why not spare me after the wedding for a little while, and have your boy with you? There, you smile! Say you will, and I will do the coaxing of grandpapa for you."

"I think you are an angel, child," said poor Mrs. Wyndham, stroking the fair young face, which looked, indeed, as if its owner wanted change of air, it was so pale and thin just now. "But where would you go? I don't believe it is for your own pleasure at all. Ah! if only Rex had been wiser and—"

An almost stern pressure of the hand silenced her. Twitters, so soft usually, would hear no more of that.

"Hush!" she said, in her clear, bird-like voice. "There, I don't mean to be cross, so lean back and I'll tell you my plans. You know Miss Curtis, the dear old maid at Ingleby Court? Well, she is going to Switzerland, and she wants me to go with her. Now, all is said. May I go?"

"That grim woman! My love, her very bonnet-strings terrify me, they are so wide and crinkle so noisily."

"She is never grim to me. Nobody is; and I like her. Indeed, auntie, I don't think there's a better or more charitable woman living."

"And this war! Twitters, I won't let you go. No one is going abroad this year; it is not safe."

"Miss Curtis is going; and this Franco-Prussian war does not interfere with Switzerland. Come, auntie, say yes, and recollect for your reward you will have your darling with you again."

"Ah! and I do so long to see him. Dear child, is this really your wish?"

A question like this could only be a signal of yielding, and so Twitters took it. A few more kisses, a little more coaxing and the day was won; after which the triumphant victor slipped away to the garden, and, burying herself in a small clematis-covered summer-house at the bottom of the rose walk, where she and Rex used often to repair to read Tennyson together, drew out a plain silver locket that the squire had given her on one of her birthdays from her bosom, and began lavishing childish kisses on it, while hot tears rained down from the big blue eyes, dulling the silver rim and almost hiding the handsome manly face which seemed to smile on her good temperedly from within it.

"And no wonder," the poor child sobbed out, "when I am so silly; but I can't help it, dear, I can't; because I am going away. You don't know it, and, perhaps, you won't care much now; but I am, and you are to come back here and bring her, and be happy and forgiven. The squire must forgive you, and it is much better I should go, for I should only embarrass you and be in the way; but, Oh, Rex, Rex! I am so very unhappy. Oh, my love! I want you so badly, and I can't help it if it's wicked, for I do."

There was a rustling behind the sweet-brier hedge at one side of the summer-house; but Twitters did not hear it, or pay attention to it if she did. Outside there was a fresh breeze blowing, and chasing the white cloud wreaths over a clear blue sky. The sun shone brightly on the waving fields of corn, whose heavy red heads bowed themselves in waiting for the sickle, and flickered through the green branches of over-arching trees on big loaded wains, which creaked and rumbled as they wended their slow ponderous way along the narrow lanes. In the garden the bees kept up a drowsy humming over beds of crimson phlox and white rose-colored asters, and gaudy gold-barred wasps whizzed and banged themselves against the downy cheeks of purple plums and luscious peaches, hanging ripe and mellow on the sunny orchard wall. Nature was all alive with sound and sunshine, with the laughter of the gleaners from the meadows above the Hall, and the gurgle of the streamlet in the shrubbery below. Why should Twitters start or rouse herself from her girlish grief for a rustle in the hedge, or a swaying of the rose branches? Yet she might have done so had she noticed what caused the swaying. A hand, brown and sinewy, which inserted among the stems, was trying with great care to bend them on one side, so as to allow its owner to see within, while, at the same time, a man's head and two dark glittering eyes peeped over the thorny leaf-covered sprays. Twitters' face was hidden in her hands as she sat on the floor of the summer house with her elbows resting on the bench which ran round it, where she and Rex had often sat side by side, or played with their toys in childhood.

"But we shall never come here again, you and I, never any more," moaned the poor child; and though the words were not audible outside, the faint sobbing murmur reached the ears of the man and made him lean more forward, and risk more than one scratch as he stretched his neck for the glimpse of crumpled gingham gown and gleam of golden hair, which was all he could achieve.

"Not she, at all events," he muttered to himself; "yet they said at Baden she had gone to join her lover. Perhaps he is not here either. I had better inquire of one of the field hands yonder. A nice sell to have come all this journey for nothing."

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT do you think we had better do, my dear? I see no officials, and there doesn't seem the smallest chance of getting on to-night. Dear me, what a terrible crowd!"

Is it possible to mistake an Englishwoman, and a spinster, let one meet her where one will? The lady of middle age and austere appearance who gave vent to the above remarks in decidedly querulous accents might have borne a label with the said description printed on her chest; so unmistakably did she wear the "cachet" of either character in the thin sandy-gray hair, rigidly smooth in bands upon the temples, the prim lines about the mouth, the angular figure, gray alpaca waterproof, and thick serviceable boots, which went to make up her *tout ensemble*.

She was seated on a large trunk close to the edge of the platform of a small railway-station about ten miles from Metz, and appealing to a young girl who stood beside her, gazing with wide bewildered eyes at a motley herd of soldiers, some in one uniform, some another, but all belonging to the Prussian army, and now crowding pell-mell into the railway-cars on their way to Metz.

"Ask someone if it really is the last train," the elderly lady went on as her companion made no answer. "If it is, I don't see what we can do. There are no houses near, or any place where we could put up for the night. It is dreadful."

The girl glanced round her, and, after a moment's hesitation, ventured to touch very timidly the arm of a huge brawny sergeant of Cuirassiers, and to proffer the question in exceedingly Anglicized German.

To her great relief, however, the man turned round and answered quite civilly:

"Yes, it was the last train. That was why they were crowding so. Bazaine was expected to make a sortie on a grand scale in a day or so, and they were coming up from Sedan with reinforcements. Why did the Fraulein wish to know? She was not going to Metz for a certainty?"

"Yes, but we are indeed. This lady and I belong to the Geneva corps—Colonel Loyd Lindsay—you have heard of him, perhaps."

"Ach! truly, Fraulein. A brave 'Englander.' And so you are going to join the ambulance! But surely you are very young for that?"

"One can stand hard work and exposure better for being young and active, friend."

"True! But there are scenes—horrors. Has the Fraulein seen anything of war already?"

"I have seen the wounded men in the hospital at Strasbourg. It was the sight of their sufferings which made us wish to help those who must suffer so much more upon the battle-field."

"Suffer! Ah, the Fraulein does not guess! It is horrible—fiendish! A girl should not even have it in her dreams. But there is the bugle! There will be a train at three o'clock to-morrow morning, if the ladies can pass the night here." And the sergeant dashed off to join his company; while in another minute the long heavily laden train, teaming with eager heads and bristling with weapons, rumbled past, fuming, jolting and puffing like some monstrous over-gorged leviathan.

"What shall we do?" said the elder wo-

man, despairingly. "Amy, you must be famished."

"Not at all. That roll and cup of coffee at the last station but one has set me up for the next dozen hours. I expected to have to rough it, you know. You told me so at the beginning.

"Yes, I know; but—"

"You are not flagging are you, my dear Miss Curtis?"

"Only on your account, Amy. I begin to think I should never have let you come."

"I'm afraid I should have come whether you had let me or not. You don't know how wilful I am; and please don't fret yourself about me. Do I look such a poor helpless creature?"

Miss Curtis—she was a grim, lantern-jawed, grisly old maid to look at, but she had the tenderest heart in creation—took the younger face into her bony large-veined hands, and answered.

"You look a great deal too young and bright and pretty to be here, dear child."

"Then I wish I were old and hideous as old as Methuselah and as hideous as Hecate, if you like," said Twitters (who, I don't suppose, needs introducing to the reader) in a petulant tone.

"Now, don't let us stay out here in the dew and damp. We can sit by the station fire till there—I dare-say they will let us—and I'll make you a couch with the cloaks. Ah! there's a boy at last.

"Boy!" (and here the broken German came into play again) "will you come here and help me with this box?"

"Plait-il, mademoiselle?"

"Ah, how stupid I am! Of course they are all French here. Come and take a handle of this box and help me with it into the station. Thanks then. There are a couple of sous for you; and now, Miss Curtis, let me make you comfortable."

Poor Miss Curtis had travelled many a weary mile that day, and had no dinner, and, not being buoyed up by a girl's vivacity, was fairly nodding with fatigue.

She hardly spoke while Twitters busied herself in making a nest of cloaks and shawls on the floor near the station fire, and made but a feeble protest when urged to settle into it, lean her back against the box and go to asleep.

The last injunction, indeed, was obeyed in about three minutes; and Twitters, seeing her companion comfortably settled, seated herself on an overturned hamper, and resting her pretty head against the stone chimney, gave herself up to musings more painful than pleasant, to judge from the expression of her features.

How did she come there, so far from home so far from even the safe and beaten track, in that unsafe and troublous year of 1871 when all Europe was shaken by the cannon thunder of the great war between France and Germany? What brought our simple softly-natured little heroine into the very heart of the carnage—a girl who had never before left her country home—into places and scenes, every one of which was equally strange and repulsive to her? Well the answer is simple enough.

She visited Miss Curtis, and the end was the lady consented she should go with her on her travels.

They had traveled leisurely enough as far as Strasbourg, at the sight of which ruined and mutilated city Miss Curtis had lifted up her hands and wept, and where a merely cursory view of the hospitals had convinced her that, go where she might, she could find no better field for her labors.

A walk through one of the wards sent her back to Twitters, whom she had left under the care of another member of the corps, in floods of tears: tears which her tender-hearted companion shed as freely, when she heard of a mother and child lying in the same bed and both frightfully mutilated by the shell which had killed the father and another babe in the mother's arms; of a young girl, whose fearfully disfigured face rendered her loathsome to look on, hanging over the pallet of an aged grandmother mortally wounded by a round shot; of a convalescent soldier, his right arm still in a sling, tending with a woman's gentleness two poor little wounded boys, whose parents had both perished in the awful bombardment of "Strasbourg the beautiful."

These and many more scenes of a similar kind convinced Miss Curtis that no good could accrue from their going further, and that more than enough of work—hard work too—lay ready to their hand. Twitters however, thought otherwise.

Horrible as were the misery and suffering at Strasbourg, there was this consolation, that everything that could be done for the wounded was being done.

There were some hospitals there, if not enough.

There were doctors and nurses, stores of medicines, and scores of nuns and other charitable women working like horses to alleviate the horrors around them; but elsewhere, near Paris,—ay, and at Metz, where the war was still holding its bloody tournament, and where Prince Frederick Charles kept siege around Marshal Bazaine with the dogged pertinacity of a cat watching a mouse—there indeed was help wanted and help of every sort.

There was an insufficient ambulance corps, a scanty supply of army surgeons, a miserable paucity, if not an absolute dearth, of nurses, comforts, and even shelter or bedding, for the wounded.

Twitters saw Colonel Loyd-Lindsay once and heard him bitterly deploring the uncared-for state of the mutilated soldiers festering and dying by tens and twenties in ditches and cabins near the environs of Metz: and from that moment her cry was "Forward!"

Indeed she gave Miss Curtis no peace till she got her way about it, but read aloud every harrowing detail from the seat of war, and so worked on her companion's feelings that, by the end of the week, they and their baggage were actually ensconced in a railway carriage en route for Metz, about ten miles from which noted and venerable city we had just found them.

With the first dawn of day, or rather before it came, both ladies were again astir, and some miles on their journey; neither of them, as may well be believed, much refreshed by their comfortless night in the station-room.

Miss Curtis, who was by no means inured to hardships, complained of rheumatic pains in her back and legs, while Twitters, who had not lain down at all, but had sat patiently by the chimney all night, thinking of Rex and wondering if he had quite forgotten her and was as happy again as he used to be, looked so wan and weary that even the guard pitied the pale little English "fraulein," and made interest with a burly Prussian to change into a carriage where there was probably no room for him in order to give the girl a little more space to stretch her tired limbs.

Fortunately for their future guidance, an elderly army surgeon, also Prussian by nation, but speaking excellent French and a little English, was in the same compartment with the two ladies, and on finding out the object of their journey he not only overwhelmed them with expressions of admiration and respect, but when at about eight o'clock the slow overladen train reached the outposts of the Red Prince's army he took them to his own quarters, plied them with hot coffee and cherry brandy, and insisted on their taking at least an hour's rest before starting, under the care of his servant, to find the ambulance department; all of which acts of kindness were more than appreciated by his frail fellow-travellers.

Miss Curtis, warmed and comforted by her coffee and beefsteak, fell asleep almost as soon as she had finished them; but, tired as Twitters felt, she was too much excited to follow her friend's example.

The occasional volleys of musketry, interspersed by the deep booming of cannon coming up from the beleagured city, the bustle and confusion all around her, the rows on rows of snow-white tents, the shrill alarums of the bugle, the beating of drums, stamping of horses' feet, the hosts of armed men, all strung her nerves to such a pitch that after a few moments vain efforts at repose she sprang off the couch on which she had been reclining, and repaired to the door of the hut to take a good look at the surrounding scenes, all so strange to her, so terrible, and so eloquent of war in its mightiest and bloodiest form.

The surgeon's hut, a small cabin built of logs and thatched with straw, was built on the side of a hill, about a mile from the village of Corney, and not fifty yards from the dilapidated ruin of St. Blaize, the Prussian Observatory.

Right in front, across the valley, was the grim fort of St. Quentin, from which the French were even then maintaining a sullen, but tolerably unceasing, fire, and which was now and then almost hidden from the girl's view by the grey clouds of smoke constantly belching from its black embrasures.

On the left were Fort St. Privat and the little village of Jouy; while, curling round the foot of the hill, swept a broad powerful stream, rippled by a light breeze, and covered with numberless rafts, boats, and pontoons—the waters of the "blue Moselle!"

Beyond the besieged city itself, the grand old cathedral of which stood out in clear relief against the pale cloudless blue of the autumnal sky, Twitters could see sundry small villages, half hidden in trees and occupied by the French outposts; while on the right lay the little village of Peltre, and, still nearer the Moselle, Papetrie, both occupied by the Prussians, as she could tell by the Black Eagle waving over their reddined roofs, as well as many other outposts on either side of the river.

Here and there a great column of black smoke, rising from behind a belt of trees, gave evidence of a burning hamlet; and not far off, in the midst perhaps of a devastated garden or trodden-down cornfield, rose a cluster of huts, with the Red Cross, Twitters's own badge, flying above their roofs; while on every side, up steep ravines, down grassy valleys, through green fields and clumps of forest trees, might be seen parties of soldiers, some on foot, some on horseback, some deployed along a roadway, some firing at an unseen enemy, some dragging heavy guns up to the principal points of attack.

No better view could anyone have had of the fair city of Metz and its environs, its flowery champain and the tri-forked branches of its noble river,—a view, in better days, glorious beyond description, though now it only brought the tears into Twitters's eye by the horror of its sadness.

Verily, it was the "abomination of desolation" which now reigned over the city: and as the English girl stood there gazing at the scene before her, and shivering at each recurring thunder from St. Quentin or Privat, she could not help thinking of those old days when Charles V. besieged the royal city for seventy days, only to be repulsed at last "with dire loss and mortification to the king." Was this siege to end in the same manner? Would Bazaine, failing to hold the city, manage to cut a path through the invading army and escape?

Looking at the masses of the Prussian forces at her feet, Twitters thought not; and in her heart she prayed, "Anything but a bombardment; anything but a second Strasbourg! Good Lord, deliver Thy people, and stay this slaughter."

CHAPTER VII.

"IT seems to me, Ada, that we have been even more fortunate than I expected. Upon my soul this is a grand old place. How doy ou feel in it?"

"Well enough for the present. It is horribly old-fashioned though: and once I am in it for good I expect it will look rather different."

"I doubt if you'll make it any better. Women are always for altering and changing; but it could hardly be a finer old pile than at present."

"You said yourself it wanted a billiard-room" ?

"And a proper smoking-room. Yes; but those are things that will come naturally with the new generation. You'll have to be cautious, Ada; I can tell you that. You must be even more cautious now. I can't say how annoyed I was at the slip you made to-day."

"What slip? I don't know what you mean, Bertie."

"About that garden at the side of the house. I could see that even Mrs. Wyndham, bloodless and inert as she is, colored up and looked distressed; while Mr. Reginald could hardly bite his lips tightly enough to keep in his annoyance."

"I'll teach Mr. Reginald to bite his lips at me in after days! But how absurd, Bertie! Mrs. Wyndham never does a hand's turn at the arrangements of the gardens (I had found out that already), and as the windows of her morning-room look out on that part (by the way, I want that room for my own sanctum one of these days; it has the prettiest window in the house), I should have thought she would have been gratified by my wanting to make it pretty for her. Horrid old patch of weeds—for one can't call those things flowers which no one dreams of planting now-a-days—she ought to have been grateful to me for offering to take it in hand."

"Then she was very much the reverse; and if you had taken the trouble to "find out" a little more, I daresay you'd have seen as much for yourself, and known the why and wherefore. As I told you before, you must make sure you can walk before you attempt to run. But there! I knew you would be bungling; and I'm glad I'm here now to look after you."

"Then let me tell you, Bertie, the hardest piece of work I've had to do here was the getting you asked.

"Sir Wyndham Wyndham seemed obstinately determined not to see any hints or suggestions on the subject; and if I hadn't managed to get that poor weak Mrs. W. alone, and talk of you in a way that left her no resource but an invitation to you, I don't believe I could have done it. As for Reggie, he was particularly disagreeable on the subject."

"In what way?"

"It was natural his family should prefer to have me by myself at first so as to know me better; that I must remember his grandfather had not the pleasure of your acquaintance; and that for his part he thought it was just as well, for he was sure you were far too unlike in your ways to get on well together."

"Much obliged to him, I'm sure! I'm vexed, though, at what you say of the old boy. I told you I was pretty certain they had been making some inquiries before Sir Wyndham sent his ultimatum; and I fancied the old boy carried a pretty stiff neck when I arrived yesterday evening. Wonder what he found out!"

"Nothing very bad, you may be sure, or he never would have given in to the marriage at all, or asked me here. I daresay there's been some talk of play, but nothing tangible, and you know what these sort of people are. Why a game of beggar-my-neighbor is dissipation to them."

"H'm, well, I hope it is as you think. Hang them and their straitlacedness! And how do you get on yourself, with the baronet especially? Do you think you have made a good impression? I thought him very attentive to you at meals."

"He always is. That is part of his grand ways; but—I don't know. He does admire me. I can tell that. Besides, I made Reggie own that he had said said so."

"We counted on that. Well, Ada, if you can't work up admiration into something warmer and more enduring with an old-fashioned squire like that, who can hardly have come across half-a-dozen charming women in a century——"

"His son didn't, to judge from the washed-out specimen of a wife he chose. Could she ever have been even decent-looking? And a half idiot into the bargain."

"All the easier to win to your service. I am sure I could get on swimmingly with Mrs. Wyndham."

"I hope you will; for it's more than I can. There is nothing so prejudiced as a fool, and I am sure that woman can't bear me, for all the efforts she makes to hide it, and be kind and affectionate to me for her son's sake. And there's another thing I've found out, Bertie, that I must tell you. I am quite certain she has tried all she can to make up a match between Reggie and that companion of hers, who is gone away at present, and is horridly disappointed at having failed. I wonder if Rex had a *penchant* for the young lady at any time?"

"If there is any suspicion of it, it was more than foolish of you to allude to her as you did at breakfast. I fancied he looked a little huffy."

"I knew it, and that was what made me snub him about the ride this morning."

"Yes, before his mother, who adores him and evidently has no idea that any one could controvert his wishes! Ada, you are incorrigible, and I believe you will ruin your own game yet."

"I hope not, for I agree with you now that it is worth playing. One can't always be a Griselda, however, and—Hush; here comes my young lord. Now, Bertie, to show I don't bear you malice for your lecturing, you shall see how good I'll be."

They were walking together, the two Scotts, in one of the glades of Gorseleigh Park—he, quiet, gentlemanly, and invalidish-looking, in an entire suit of light-gray tweed, which somehow seemed to take the little amount of color out of his skin which might be there; she, beautiful and dazzling as ever, in a morning robe of pale lemon-colored cambric, adorned with innumerable little frills and puffings edged with delicate lace, and wearing on her head a picturesque, broad-brimmed hat of the same tint as her dress. Exceedingly well she looked, with a natural color in her cheek which enabled her to dispense with her usual touch of rouge, and a brilliancy in her large flashing eye which told already of the pride of conquest, the pardonable self-satisfaction of the future Lady Wyndham of Gorseleigh. Indeed, her brother might well tell her they had been more fortunate than they had expected.

He had only bargained for an invitation to the young couple after their marriage, calculating in so doing that the Wyndhams would be too proud to let their neighbors guess, by any slight to the young heir's bride, that his choice of her had been made without their consent or approval.

But on the other hand, he had forgotten (not being troubled with such feelings himself) to calculate for the tender, homely family affection which made the absence of one a grief to all, for Twitters' unselfish magnanimity, or the squire's loneliness without his grandson; and therefore the note from Mrs. Wyndham to her son, begging him to bring his betrothed down to be introduced to them, and spend a week or so at the Hall before his marriage, was as much a surprise to the Scotts as it was a subject for congratulation. As for Rex, he accepted the invitation gratefully, but without much gladness.

A pencilled postscript in his mother's letter had let him know that Twitters was away; and that being so he felt tolerably indifferent whether he went or stayed. It would be hard to see Adelaide in her place, to have to wander about with her and do the lover in the very walks and copses where he and his blue-eyed darling had so often strayed; and now that the glamor was gone from before his own eyes, he rather dreaded that his mother and grandfather would think of those bold black ones of his *fiancee*, and of the ways of speaking and acting so different to anything they had been accustomed to, or were likely to approve. He was ready to do Adelaide all loyal duty—to fight her battles, stand up for her if attacked, and defend her if criticised—to pay her in every way the attention she had a right to expect at his hands; but there was no gladness in his homage, no sunshine in his heart; and though it was with an emotion of relief and thankfulness that he noticed, without understanding the motive, that Adelaide's dress, language, and demeanor at Gorseleigh were sufficiently subdued and different from what he had been used to in her not to shock or startle the old people, the instinctive, though unacknowledged consciousness that she was acting a part only alienated him further from her, and made him feel more keenly the contrast between her and the little orphan maiden, whose presence, do what he would, he missed more every day of his visit.

There was one thing that puzzled him. For some time back he had been pretty nearly convinced, not only that Adelaide simply cared for him as the presumptive heir of Gorseleigh, but that, being decidedly keen in seeing through disguises, she had a very tolerable idea of the coolness of his own affection for her. Indeed, when quite alone with him, she often treated him with the most unconcealed coldness, not to say antagonism; scoffed at and snubbed him, and did not scruple to express her sense of the dulness of Downshire in general, and the weariness, not to say contempt, with which his mother and the few neighboring ladies who visited at the Hall inspired her. Yet to every suggestion of going back to London she returned a decided negative, and even assumed a persistent deafness to one or two delicate hints that they had already outstayed the length of their invitation; while in public, and even now and then when alone, she manifested a tender, maidenly, confiding attachment to him which was only surpassed by her almost servile admiration of, and devotion to, the baronet.

For the latter, indeed, she had nothing but the brightest smiles and prettiest speeches—saucy, coaxing, or submissive, and calculated to flatter his vanity or awaken his admiration. She even read his character well enough to treat Mrs. Wyndham (before him) with admirable daughter-like gentleness and deference, affecting to ask the latter's opinion on subjects on which she knew the poor lady was hopelessly ignorant, and to look—O, so sorry! when the old gentleman so far forgot his chivalry as to snub his meek daughter-in-law before her, or allowed himself to be beguiled by the young lady's manœuvring into saying something which she knew would jar on the widow's feelings, or go contrary to her wishes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRESH AND STALE.—Fresh eggs have a lime-like appearance to the shells, whereas the outer covering of stale eggs is glossy and smooth.

PLEURISY PAINS, and all Asthmatic and Bronchial Affections are soon relieved by that certain remedy for Coughs and Colds, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

Some months ago "The Saturday Evening Post" commenced telling its readers about

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

About its being a labor saving invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to overworked women and servant-girls; that it was as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor; that the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes was a better way and an easier way than the old way, and that it would answer both for the finest laces and garments and for the coarser clothing of the laboring classes, that the directions were so simple and easy that a child could have no trouble in following them; and that it was a cheap soap to use; that a few minutes' time on the part of a housekeeper of ordinary intelligence was all that was necessary to show the girl or washerwoman how to use it, and every housekeeper should insist **on its being used exactly by the directions, and should not listen to any excuse for not using it.**

The Saturday Evening Post also endorsed all these statements, and told its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes **never failed** when the soap fell in the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

A Person of Refinement,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence,

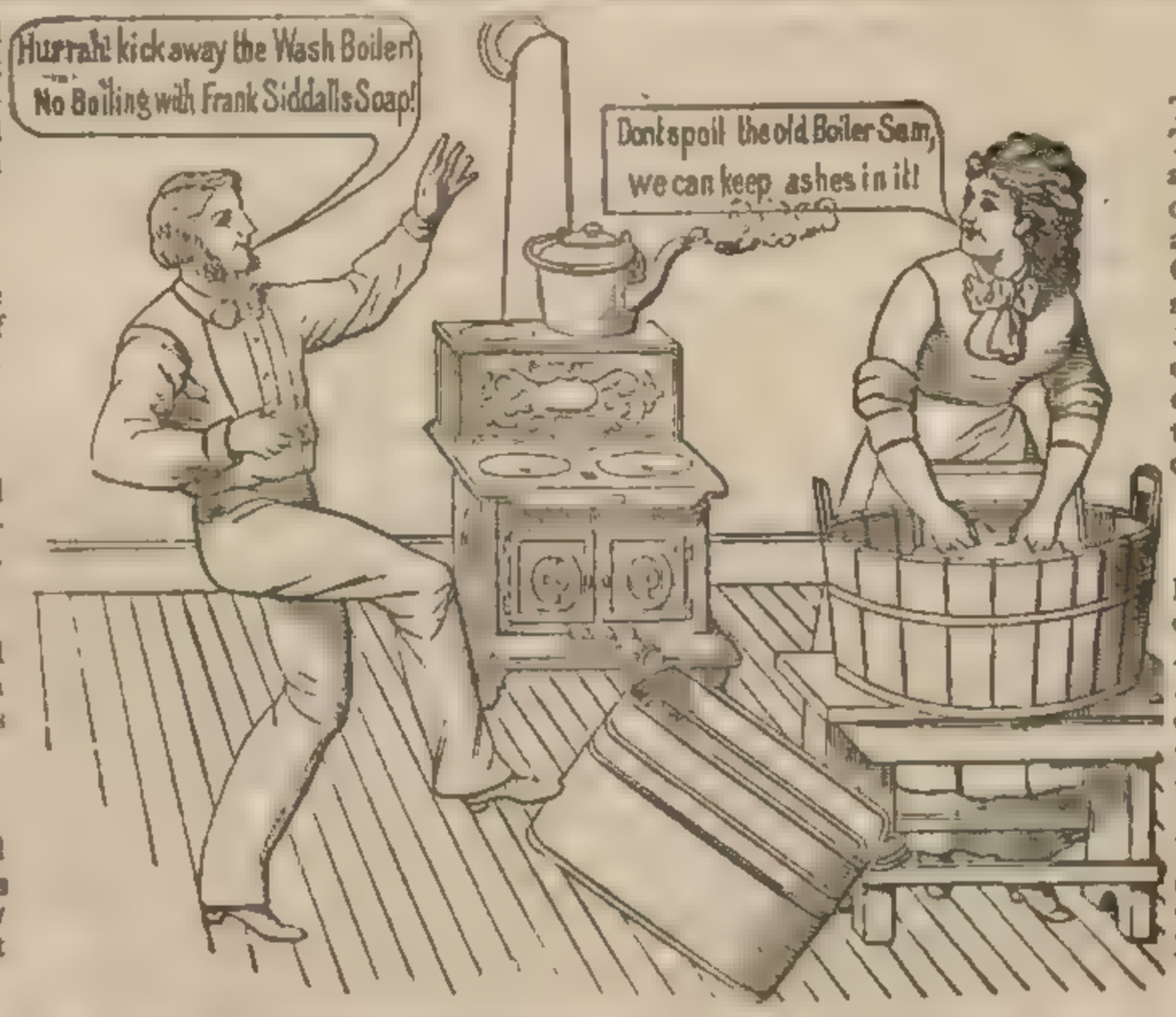
The Saturday Evening Post said, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

A Person of Honor,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

And Sensible Persons,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would feel thankful that better ways had been brought to their notice.



Time Has Shown

That these efforts have been appreciated. Though the advertisements in this paper and the unqualified indorsement of every claim made for the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, the Frank Siddalls Soap has been sent to every State in the Union where *The Saturday Evening Post* circulates, and overworked or annoyed housekeepers from every section have written their letters of thanks for having had their attention drawn to this great improvement.

The Frank Siddalls Soap

Has already been introduced into a number of public institutions through *The Saturday Evening Post* and other religious papers. Among others, the Sisters of the Convent of the Visitation, of Maysville, Ky., have written a splendid testimonial. They say that the Soap has given wonderful satisfaction, both in the laundry and for the bath and toilet. They use it for taking out grease-spots from black goods, for washing burns and blisters, and for every household use.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER—remember that prejudice is a sign of ignorance—and give one honest trial to the FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her own interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FOUR conditions

Persons who do not comply with all FOUR of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters.

1st. Enclose the retail price (10 cents) in money or stamps.
2d. Say in her letter in what paper she saw the advertisement.
3d. Promise that the soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
4th. Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents, and fifteen cents in postage-stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for a single lady reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* for not doing away with all of her wash-day troubles.

Gentlemen are requested not to send for the Soap until their wives have promised to faithfully comply with every requirement.

The Frank Siddalls IMPROVED WAY of Washing Clothes.

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow these Rules Exactly, or Dont Buy the Soap.

The soap washes freely in hard water. Dont use soda or lye. Dont use borax. Dont use anything but FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

THE WASH-BOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash.

A wash-boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this soap. **Always use lukewarm water. Never use very hot water,** and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in, the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Cut the soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard, and rub on the soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let the soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time, commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the wash-board, and all the dirt will drop out; turn each garment inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can readily be got out in ONE suds; if a streak is hard to wash, soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes, but DONT keep the soap on the wash-board, nor lying in the water, or it will waste. Do not expect this soap to wash out stains that have been SET by the old way of washing.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out. Wash each piece lightly on the washboard (without using any more soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any bluing, for the soap takes the place of bluing. *Stir a piece of the soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy.* Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them, and hang them out to dry *without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece.* Washed this way the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will smell as sweet as new. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a good way, nor a clean way, to put clothes to soak over night. Such long soaking sets dirt, and makes the clothes harder to wash.

If at any time the wash-water gets too cool to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather, use less soap next time; if not lather enough, use more soap.

For Washing Horses, Dogs, and other Domestic Animals, The Frank Siddalls Soap is without an equal; it is excellent for washing the dirt out of scratches and sores on horses. Fleas, lice, and other vermin on animals, are attracted by dirt; wash the animal clean, and there is no dirt for the vermin to thrive on. It takes the smell of milking off the farmer's hands. Try the Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving; it leaves the most tender skin smooth and soft; try it for Washing the Baby; try it for cleaning Sores, Wounds, and for Hospital Use generally, in place of the Imported Castile soap. It will not irritate the face and neck when sore from sunburn, nor the Baby when chafed with its clothing.

Persons who have had their Skin Poisoned by the Poison Oak or Poison Sumac, or those who are afflicted with Salt Rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Pimples or Blotches on the face, Old Stubborn Ulcers, Itching Piles, etc., often find that the use of Castile or toilet soaps seems to aggravate their trouble. The Frank Siddalls Soap, on the contrary, will agree with the most delicate skin; it can be used both in health and disease, and can always be depended on not to irritate the skin even of the youngest infant, and for that reason is recommended by many physicians and nurses for washing burns and scalds and all sore surfaces of the skin in preference to the best Castile soap.

For use in the Sick Room, for Washing Utensils, Bedding, etc., and for Washing an Invalid, it is highly recommended by physicians and others as remarkable for being both mild and at the same time thoroughly cleansing.

Remember it does not soil the Clothing or Bedding, and it is not necessary to rinse the suds thoroughly off, as is the case with most other soaps.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, OFFICE OF

FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,

718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such wholesale houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co., Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, and others, and by many retail grocers in New York and Brooklyn; is sold in Philadelphia by nearly every wholesale and retail grocer, and is rapidly growing to be the most Popular Soap in the United States.

Our Young Folks.

JACK AND THE TUB.

BY PIPKIN.

KING JOHN, he called himself, but every human being about the farm of Buttercup Hill called him Jack—simply that and nothing else.

But Jack, or King John, there was one thing that nobody could deny—he was not only the chief among all the other fowls around him, but he thought himself a very important and a very exalted bird indeed; and no wonder that he clapped his wings and crowed defiance at any one who chanced to take particular notice of him, or that he asked in defiant tones "Koh *ak* uk uk?" with strong emphasis on the "*ak*," and which in English means, "How dare you stand and stare at me?"

King John's tail was a mass of nodding plumage of the darkest purple, his wattles and comb were of the ruddiest red, his wings and neck were crimson and gold, and his baton-like legs were armed with spurs long as one's little finger, and stronger and sharper than polished steel.

Had you dared to go too near any one of his feathered companions—that is, those whom he cared about—you would have repented it the very next minute, and King John's spurs would have been brought into play.

But Jack wouldn't have objected to your admiring, so long as you kept at a respectable distance, on the other side of the fence, for instance.

And pretty fowls they were—most of them young too—golden-pencilled Hamburgs, sprightly Spanbards, and solute-looking Dorkings, to say nothing of two ancient grand hens of no particular breed at all, but who, being extremely fat and imposing in appearance, were admitted to the high honor of roosting every night one on each side of the king, and were moreover taken into consultation by him in every matter likely to affect the interests of his dynasty, or the welfare of the junior members of the farmyard.

Now Jack was deeply impressed with the dignity of the office he held.

He was a very proud king, though, to his credit be it said, he was also a very good king.

And never since he had first mounted his throne—an old water-tub, by the way—and sounding its shrill clarion, shouted a challenge to every cock or king with a lordship—never, I say, had he been known to lift his own crop of a morning until the crops of all the hens about it were well packed with a good constitution.

Such then was Jack, such was King John.

But, mind you, this gallant bird had not been a king all his life. No, and neither had he been born a prince.

There was a mystery about his real origin and species. Judging from the color of the egg from which he was hatched, Jack ought to have been a Cochin.

But Jack was nothing of the sort.

I think it highly probable that the egg in question was stamped by some unprincipled person, to make it look like that of the favorite Cochin.

Be that as it may, Jack was duly hatched, and in course of time was fully fledged, and one day attempted to crow, for which little performance he was not only pecked on the neck by the two old hens but chased all round the yard by King Cockeroo, who was then lord and master of the farmyard.

When he grew a little older he used to betake himself to places remote from observance and study the art of crowing.

But the older he grew and the prettier he grew the more King Cockeroo seemed to dislike him; indeed, he thrashed him every morning and every evening, and at odd times during the day so that at last Jack's life became most unbearable.

One morning, however, when glancing downwards at his legs, he observed that his spurs had grown long and strong and sharp, and after this he determined to throw off forever the yoke of allegiance to cruel King Cockeroo; he resolved to try the fortune of war anon, and if he lost the battle, he thought to himself he would be no worse off than before.

Now on the following day young Jack happened to find a nice large potato, and said to himself "Hullo! I'm fortunate to-day, I do have such a nice breakfast."

"Well you indeed," cried a harsh voice quite close to him, and he found himself in the dread presence of King Cockeroo, a very large yellow Cochin China.

"Will you indeed?" repeated his majesty. "How dare you attempt to eat a whole potato. Put it down at once and leave the yard."

"I won't," cried the little cock quite bravely.

"Then I'll make you," roared the big one.

"Then I shan't," was the bold reply.

Now like all bullies, King Cockeroo was a coward at heart so the battle that followed was of short duration but very decisive for Jack, and in less than five minutes King Cockeroo was playing submission before his young and victorious enemy.

When he had left the yard, the long-persecuted but now triumphant Jack mounted his throne—the aforementioned water-butt, and crew and crew until he was so hoarse that he could crow any longer, then he jumped down and received the congratulations of all the inhabitants of the farm-yard. And that is how Jack became King John.

The poor deposed monarch never afterwards dared to come to the yard, in which he had at one time reigned so happily. He slept no longer on his roost, but was fain to perch all alone on the edge of the garden barrow in the tool-house.

He found no pleasure now in his sad and sorrowful life, except in eating; and having no one to share his meals with him, he began to get lazy and fat, and every day he got lazier and fatter, till at last it was all he could do to move about with anything like comfort.

When he wanted to relieve his mind by crowing, he had to waddle away to a safe distance from the yard, or else King John would have flown upon him and picked him most cruelly.

And now those very fowls, who once thought so much of him, used to laugh when they heard him crowing, and remark to young King John.

"Just listen to that asthmatical old silly," for his articulation was not so distinct as it formerly was.

"Kurr-r-r!" the new king would reply, "he'd better keep a respectable distance, or cock-a-ro-ri-ki! I'll—I'll eat him entirely up!"

"I think," said the farmer of Buttercup Hill one day to his wife, "I think we'd better have the old cock for Sunday's dinner."

"Won't he be a bit tough?" his good wife replied.

"Maybe, my dear," said the farmer, "but fine and fat, and plenty of him, at any rate."

Poor Cockeroo, what a fall was his! And oh! the sad irony of fate, for on the very morning of this deposed monarch's execution, the sun was shining, the birds singing, the corn springing up and looking so green and bonny; and probably the last thing he heard in life was King John crowing, as he proudly perched himself on the edge of his water-tub throne. One could almost afford to drop a tear of pity for the dead King Cockeroo, were it possible to forget that, while in life and in power, he had been both a bully and a coward.

But bad as bullying and cowardice are, there are many faults in other beings which, if not eradicated, are apt to lead the possessor thereof to a bad end. I have nothing to say against ambition, so long as it is lawful and kept within due bounds, but pride is a bad trait in the character of either old or young; and if you listen I will tell you how this failing brought even brave and gallant King John to an untimely end.

After the death of King Cockeroo the pride of Jack knew no bounds. His greatest enemy was gone, and there was not now—so he thought—another cock in creation who would dare to tire him; for did they not all prefer crowing at a distance, and did he not always answer them day or night, and defy them?

His bearing towards the other fowls began to change.

He still collected food for the hens, it is true, but he no longer tried to coax them to eat it.

They would doubtless, he said, partake of it if they were hungry, and if they were not hungry, why, they could simply leave it.

Jack had never had much respect for human beings—*they!* poor helpless things, had no wings to clap, and they couldn't crow? *they* had no pretty plumage of their own, but were fain to clothe themselves in sheep's raiment or the cocoons of caterpillars; and *now* he wholly despised them, and showed it too, for he sparred the legs of Dooling the ploughboy, and rent into ribbons the new dress of Mary the milkmaid, because she had invaded his territory in search of eggs.

Even the death of the two favorite hens I have told you of, which took place somewhat suddenly one Saturday morning, failed to sober him or tone down his rampant pride.

He installed two other very fat hens in their place on the perch, and then crowed more loudly than ever.

He spent much of his time now on his old throne, for it was always well filled with water which served the purposes of a looking-glass, and reflected his gay and sprightly person, his rosy comb, and his nodding plumage. He would sometimes invite a favorite fowl to share the honors of his throne with him, but I really believe it was merely that its plainer reflection might make his own beautiful image the more apparent.

"Oh!" he would cry, "don't I look lovely, and don't you look dowdy beside me? Kurr! Kurr-r-r! Am I not perfection itself?"

Of course no one of the fowls in the yard dared to contradict him or gainsay a word he spoke, but still I doubt whether they believed him to be altogether such a very exalted personage as he tried to make himself out.

And now my little tale draws speedily to its dark, but not, I trust, uninstructive close.

The sun rose among clouds of brightest crimson one lovely summer morning, and his beams flooded all the beautiful country, making every creature and everything glad birds and beasts, flowers and trees, and rippling streams.

Alas! how often in this world of ours is the sunrise in glory followed by a sunset in gloom. Noon had long passed ere rocks-shaped clouds began to bank up in the south and loosen therefrom, the wind fell to a dead calm, and the stillness became oppressive; but it was broken at length by a loud peal of thunder, that seemed to rend the earth to its very foundations.

Thick the sky grew darker and darker; and as it darkened grew the more vividly the lightning flashed, the more loudly pealed the thunder.

Then the rain came down, such rain as no farmer or good farmer of Buttercup Hill had ever seen before.

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When he wanted to relieve his mind by crowing, he had to waddle away to a safe distance from the yard, or else King John would have flown upon him and picked him most cruelly.

And now those very fowls, who once thought so much of him, used to laugh when they heard him crowing, and remark to young King John.

"Just listen to that asthmatical old silly," for his articulation was not so distinct as it formerly was.

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Then the rain came down, such rain as no farmer or good farmer of Buttercup Hill had ever seen before.

Soon the water began to rise in the yard, and the fowls, one by one, left their feeding and sought shelter in the barn, in the stables, and in the tool-house.

King John was the last to leave the yard, and he left it with a very bad grace indeed, for he hated the water, and he hated getting wet.

He found the tool-house already crowded with fowls, and he found himself in the dread presence of King Cockeroo, a very large yellow Cochin China.

"Will you indeed?" repeated his majesty. "How dare you attempt to eat a whole potato. Put it down at once and leave the yard."

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"Won't he be a bit tough?" his good wife replied.

"Maybe, my dear," said the farmer, "but fine and fat, and plenty of him, at any rate."

Poor Cockeroo, what a fall was his! And oh! the sad irony of fate, for on the very morning of this deposed monarch's execution, the sun was shining, the birds singing, the corn springing up and looking so green and bonny; and probably the last thing he heard in life was King John crowing, as he proudly perched himself on the edge of his water-tub throne. One could almost afford to drop a tear of pity for the dead King Cockeroo, were it possible to forget that, while in life and in power, he had been both a bully and a coward.

But bad as bullying and cowardice are, there are many faults in other beings which, if not eradicated, are apt to lead the possessor thereof to a bad end. I have nothing to say against ambition, so long as it is lawful and kept within due bounds, but pride is a bad trait in the character of either old or young; and if you listen I will tell you how this failing brought even brave and gallant King John to an untimely end.

After the death of King Cockeroo the pride of Jack knew no bounds. His greatest enemy was gone, and there was not now—so he thought—another cock in creation who would dare to tire him; for did they not all prefer crowing at a distance, and did he not always answer them day or night, and defy them?

His bearing towards the other fowls began to change.

He still collected food for the hens, it is true, but he no longer tried to coax them to eat it.

They would doubtless, he said, partake of it if they were hungry, and if they were not hungry, why, they could simply leave it.

Jack had never had much respect for human beings—*they!* poor helpless things, had no wings to clap, and they couldn't crow? *they* had no pretty plumage of their own, but were fain to clothe themselves in sheep's raiment or the cocoons of caterpillars; and *now* he wholly despised them, and showed it too, for he sparred the legs of Dooling the ploughboy, and rent into ribbons the new dress of Mary the milkmaid, because she had invaded his territory in search of eggs.

Even the death of the two favorite hens I have told you of, which took place somewhat suddenly one Saturday morning, failed to sober him or tone down his rampant pride.

He installed two other very fat hens in their place on the perch, and then crowed more loudly than ever.

He spent much of his time now on his old throne, for it was always well filled with water which served the purposes of a looking-glass, and reflected his gay and sprightly person, his rosy comb, and his nodding plumage. He would sometimes invite a favorite fowl to share the honors of his throne with him, but I really believe it was merely that its plainer reflection might make his own beautiful image the more apparent.

"Oh!" he would cry, "don't I look lovely, and don't you look dowdy beside me? Kurr! Kurr-r-r! Am I not perfection itself?"

Of course no one of the fowls in the yard dared to contradict him or gainsay a word he spoke, but still I doubt whether they believed him to be altogether such a very exalted personage as he tried to make himself out.

And now my little tale draws speedily to its dark, but not, I trust, unprofitable close.

The sun rose among clouds of brightest crimson one lovely summer morning, and his beams flooded all the beautiful country, making every creature and everything glad birds and beasts, flowers and trees, and rippling streams.

Alas! how often in this world of ours is the sunrise in glory followed by a sunset in gloom. Noon had long passed ere rocks-shaped clouds began to bank up in the south and loosen therefrom, the wind fell to a dead calm, and the stillness became oppressive; but it was broken at length by a loud peal of thunder, that seemed to rend the earth to its very foundations.

Then

Grains of Gold.

How poor are they who have not patience.

Pride hides our faults from ourselves, and magnifies them to others.

Our own hearts, and not other men's opinions, form our true honor.

Punctuality requires no undue exertion, and its influence is a most salutary one.

Before you set about asking God's blessing, make sure that you have earned it.

The friendships of the world are often confederacies in vice or leagues of pleasure.

Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads, let love through good deeds show.

You cannot dream yourself into a character—you must hammer, and forge yourself one.

No liberal man would impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion.

Difficulties are always mountains till we meet them, and mere mole-hills when we have passed them.

The hardest thing in the world to do so constantly that you can do it well, is to mind your own business.

We see how much a man has, and therefore envy him; did we see how little he enjoys, we should rather pity him.

A worldly life has as much restriction, in different ways, as a good life, without the final remuneration that a good life has.

To rejoice in others' prosperity is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief is to alleviate or dispel your own.

We ought to think much more of walking in the right path than of reaching our end. We should desire virtue more than success.

Censuring, with the desire to mortify, is very different from that suggestion of our errors, which it is the office of friendship to give.

Truth is a sure pledge not impaired, a shield never pierced, a flower that never dieth, a state that feareth no fortune, and a port that yields no danger.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom of a soiled flower.

The influence of many good people is undoubtedly much diminished by their want of that courtesy which has been well called benevolence in small things.

The dove, recollect, did not return to Noah with the olive branch till the second time of her going forth; why then should you depend on the failure of the first attempt?

If you cannot speak well of your neighbors, do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbor may be made kind by kind treatment. The true way to be happy is to make others happy.

There is one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates—duty. Duty puts a clear sky over every man—up into his heart, maybe, into which the skylark of happiness always goes singing.

Parents should lay lay it down as a rule never to smile or in any way show approval or merriment at any trait in a child which they would not wish to grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength.

It may seem of little moment to be punctual, but to use the words of an eminent theologian, "our life is made up of little things." Our attention to them is the index of our character, often the scales by which it is weighed.

"The virtue of Paganism was strength; the virtue of Christianity is obedience." As obedience is simply conformity to the law of life, it is the condition of increasing strength, while strength unconsecrated to service soon turns to weakness.

A cheerful face is as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he is dying, all that is necessary is to look half dead yourself. Hope and fear are as catching as cutaneous complaints. Always look cheerful, whether you feel so or not.

The profoundest fact that a man stands upon, and out of which he is developed—that which constitutes the very sap and fibre of his manliness—is his moral sense. This alone, when upright and pure, makes him a compact stability in society as well as in his private relations.

People restrain noble impulses, grand thoughts, warm affections, keen sympathies, under the delusion that they are thus purifying or refining their natures. The truth is, they are only impoverishing and debasing them. It is both cowardly and selfish to decline to use gifts which might be made helpful and encouraging to humanity.

We put too much value on the transient, and too little on the permanent. The things that are seen are transient; the things that are not seen are permanent. Eternal immovable things are the things that we reach by our thoughts and by our imaginations; while the things which we are handling, and for which we sacrifice all else, are transient.

Remain at Home.

If you are suffering from Consumption or Catarrh, don't let your friends or physician induce you to leave home and its comforts for Colorado or Florida. Send for the Compound Oxygen Treatment. It will do more for you than any change of climate. In a recent letter from Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, introducing a friend, a resident of our city, whom he had persuaded to give Compound Oxygen a trial, he says: "His physicians advised him to go to a better climate; but his means will not permit this, and I know the climate of Philadelphia, improved by your Compound Oxygen, will do him more good than a removal to any climate on this continent; and in saying this I speak from my own large experience in California, Florida, and in the elevated plains of the country." As Judge Kelley is one of our oldest patients, his opinion of Compound Oxygen is of great value. Treatise on Compound Oxygen, with large reports and full information, sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

A statistician estimates that courtships cost three tons of coal each.

It is said that women who travel in Egypt return to civilization confirmed smokers.

There is no cloud without a lining. In Utah the support of a husband does not devolve all on one wife.

We know an old maid who says it's bad enough for the men to get married without fools of women imitating them.

A London paper says: "The damage done to the reputation of a heedless girl usually comes from women rather than men."

Nearly all the ladies about the English Court are well on in years. Some of the maids of honor are keep in the forties.

A woman in Michigan had her ear so badly frozen that it dropped off. This style of ear-drop will not probably become popular.

In the wine districts of Europe where the grape is crushed by the treading process, women with small feet are rather looked upon as small potatoes, and get small pay.

A chap in Oregon married four wives within ten miles of each other, and wasn't found out until the four happened to meet at a pic-nic and displayed the same style of ear-rings.

The social status varies in different localities. For instance, in Colorado, a girl who can't go after the cows on a bare-back pony, without bridle or halter, is looked on with contempt.

Wide mouths are very fashionable for women this season. They should be worn in an unconscious wide smile, just as if half a dozen proposals a day was the common lot of womankind.

The great number of seal-skin sacques worn in Chicago is quickly observed by a visitor. Chicago women are not the most beautiful in the world, but they have their husbands well in hand.

Twenty-one girls of Kenosha, Wisconsin, have "Resolved that if the young men wont come and see us, we will go and see them." That's the way to talk, girls; don't be cheated out of your natural rights.

A lady complains that she is not getting educational value for her money. Her husband asked their boy six questions on his last return from school. To five he replied correctly. The answer was, "I don't know."

Miss Margaret Hicks, a young lady now living at Syracuse, is an accomplished architect. She took the architectural course at Cornell University, and afterwards studied her art for three years in Europe.

The Queen of Spain was asked how she could endure to sit through a bull-fight. "Ah!" said Dona Christina, "you know I am very near-sighted, and whenever I go to a bull-fight I always forget to take my eyeglasses with me."

They had been at the masquerade, where she had recognized him at once. "Was it the loud beating of my heart, my darling, that told you I was near?" murmured he. "Oh, no," she replied, "I recognized your knock knees."

"Is your husband a religious man?" asked a tract-distributor of the lady of the house. "No," she said, "my husband is an habitual drunkard. He is not a religious man, but he is in constant connection with the spirit world."

A contemporary thinks it is curious to look down the aisles of a full church and see at the end of every pew a man. Very seldom does a woman sit at the door of a pew. Why? Can it be because the man insists on having the most comfortable seat?

Consolation: Mme. Z. (Paris, of course) lost her husband, and would not be comforted. For days and days after the funeral she wept floods of tears. Suddenly a thought struck her. "I have one little consolation," she said; "I will know where he is at night."

Boston's fair daughters have taken the æsthetic nonsense deeply to heart. One recently inquired for furniture-covering—"something with a distinct individuality—but—rather subdued and—pensive—with a—dash of pathos and—faint suggestion of infinite tenderness."

The Empress of Austria spends a great deal of money, although she is a woman of simple habits. Her last hunting trip to England is reported to have cost $30,000. She rises at five o'clock in the morning, practices gymnastics regularly, and smokes a great many cigarettes.

Moorish women dress very gaily in their homes, but when they appear in the public streets they are enveloped in white muslin or calico from head to foot, and glide along like ghosts, thick white veils covering their faces. In private life they are fond of gorgeous coloring.

A lady in Paris upset her inkstand, and the ink was spilled over her dress, as well as over that of a visitor. Her friend made great ado about the accident, and cried over the ruin of her dress. "But you see mine is spoiled, too," said the lady. "Yes, but it's your ink," answered her friend.

Was it mere carelessness, or malice aforethought that made the western minister choose the text: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," on a Sunday when the sermon was to be followed by the marriage ceremony between a sexagenarian lover twice left a widower, and a blushing widow of sixty-five?

Once upon a time a woman died; and as the mourners were carrying her to the grave they tripped against a stump and let the coffin fall. She revived, having only been in a deep trance. Two years after she really died, and as they were carrying her down the same road and neared the same stump, the disconsolate widower sobbed, "Steady, boys—steady; be very careful!"

A youth was lately leaving his aunt's house after a visit, when, finding it was beginning to rain, he caught up an umbrella that was snugly placed in a corner, and was proceeding to open it when the old lady, who for the first time observed his movements, sprang toward him, exclaiming: "No, no—that you never shall! I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it has never been wet yet, and I'm sure it shan't be wetted now!"

News Notes.

When 50 a man is said to be in the youth of old age.

Planting in the fall relieves the pressure of Spring work.

The tanners of Cameron county are shipping calfskins to Paris.

Cocoanut growing is becoming an important industry in Florida.

The Australians are the best players of lawn tennis outside of England.

The police of Boston now wear helmet-shaped hats of the London pattern.

In Italy they license hand-organs which are in tune; a discordant note is not permitted.

Dr. Talmage thinks that the five-year-old children of to-day will live to see the millenium.

Senator Bayard's father, uncle, and grandfather were members of the United States Senate.

Being intoxicated three times deprives a man of the right to vote under the old French law.

A training school for evangelists, colporteurs and Bible-readers will be opened in Paris next month.

A lighted paper applied to the flue, when starting a heater fire for the first time, will prevent smoking.

France is now building seventeen ironclads, England ten. This will give France 33, and England 57.

A popular science writer tells us that a school-room should contain from 300 to 400 cubic feet of air to each pupil.

When horses are caught in a heavy cold rain, they should be rubbed dry and blanketed as soon as they reach home.

Whitewash may be colored with venetian red, umber, or indigo, adding enough of either to give the desired tint.

In New Zealand sparrows have multiplied to such an extent that poisoned wheat is now used by the colonists to destroy them.

White and cream-colored note-paper is to be the winter fashion. More pronounced colors are of China-blue and pistachio-green.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided that the ringing of factory bells at an early hour in the morning is a nuisance.

The small farmers in Germany cannot hold their own. Nearly 4,000 farms were offered for sale last year, and 1,400 found no purchasers.

Queen Victoria attended a theatrical performance a few days ago for the first time in twenty years, at the special request of the Prince of Wales.

The British Admiralty have recently recognized the importance of swimming, by making the ability to swim a condition of entry into the royal navy.

Mrs. Garfield has requested that five of the flags which decorated the inside of the pavilion wherein her dead husband lay, should be given to her children.

It costs about $310,000 to gain an election in the German Parliament, which beats anything that American Congressional candidates have to contend with.

The number of insane persons in the United States is put down by experts at 100,000, and the same authorities say that 10 to 20 per cent. are curable by present methods.

The colored people of this country are proportionally far ahead of the whites in the religious profession, nearly a million and a half of them being members of churches.

A New York judge has just fined a business house of that city $200 for its "unlawful enterprise" in apprehending and searching a respectable woman on suspicion of theft.

It is stated on good authority that a canary bird at Sheerness, England, is able to utter sentences so as to be readily understood. Sometimes the bird interpolates phrases in a song.

Vennor predicts an open winter on the American continent. We are to have a continuance of the warm wave during the winter, "broken by waves of low temperature of brief duration.

A party of lynchers, after hanging a robber at Socorro, New Mexico, discovered that two of their number were mounted on stolen horses. An immediate trial resulted in conviction of and two more bodies were quickly suspended.

Certain parts of Alsace are overrun with field mice, which prove very destructive to crops. During a single week in September no fewer than 55,000 of them were killed, and for a three weeks' campaign against them in the same month the returns are 133,000.

A house was taken to pieces for removal at Negaunee, Mich., and on the following morning nearly every bit of it was missing. A search among twenty-seven families' wood piles solved the mystery, and twenty-seven fines of ten dollars each were imposed.

The latest invention reported by a Japanese journal is, that after extensive experiments, an inventor there is said to have succeeded in making rifles of silk. They are described "as rigid as iron guns, while they are easy of carriage, and have a very long range."

The clergymen of Roxbury, Mass., are devising new methods of temperance work, and one of them is to employ an agent to visit the Police Court every day, interest himself in the cases of men arraigned for the first time for intoxication, and adopt whatever course may seem most judicious for their reform.

Given Up by Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up, and said he must die."

"Well-a-day! That's remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George—I know hops are good."

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True,"
"Radway on Irritable Urethra,"
"Radway on Scrofula,"

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

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NERVOUS DEBILITY

Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
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LIFE OF GARFIELD!

His early life and career as soldier and statesman; his election and administration; his assassination; his heroic struggle for life; wonderful medical treatment; blood-poisoning; removal to Elberon; death, etc. *Profusely illustrated.* Splendid portrait of Garfield, his wife and mother; scene of the shooting; the sick-chamber; Guiteau in his cell; the surgeons, and the Cabinet. The *only complete* and *authentic* work. *There is a fortune for agents first in the field with this book.* Outfit 50c. Break quick. Address HUBBARD BROS., 739 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

New Publications.

The latest firm to enter into competition with the established New York publishers is that of White & Stokes, at 1152 Broadway. Both members of the firm were formerly connected with Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. They intend to publish this week a new novel, by W. O. Stoddard, the author of "Dab Kinzer," etc., entitled "Esau Hardery." They will also bring out "The Christmas Owl Watching for Santa Claus," which will be a novel holiday affair. Another of their intended publications is the prize painting book, "Good Times," by Miss Dora Wheeler, the designer of Prang's second prize card for the coming Christmas. The book will be very beautiful in appearance, and will be published at a moderately low price.

MAGAZINES.

The Century Magazine (Scribner's Monthly) is the title under which the publication with which the late Dr. Holland was identified, makes its appearance in its November issue. Its outward appearance is unaltered, except by the extension of the title. The frontispiece of this number is a clear, well-printed portrait of George Eliot's unhandsome but strongly-marked face, to accompany which Frederick W. H. Myers contributes a sketch of her life and works. The illustrated contents of the number are: A Diligence Journey in Mexico, by Mary Halleck Foote, with illustrations from the writer's own sketches; In the Footsteps of Fortuny and Regnault, by Lizzie W. Champney, with illustrations from those artists' works; Around Cape Ann, by Hiram Rich; Costumes in the Greek Play at Harvard, by Frank D. Millet; The So-Called Venus of Melos, by W. J. Stillman, with views of a number of antique sculptures; and Tomaso Salvini, by Emma Lazarus, a sketch introductory to an essay by Salvini himself on Impressions of Some Shaksperian Characters, which will be read with interest as showing the great actor's own conception of the parts he plays. There are, also, the beginning of a serial story called, Through One Administration, by Frances Hodgson Burnett; a story by Mark Twain; an essay on Compulsory Lane Routes on the North Atlantic, by Captain Horatio McKay, and a number of interesting miscellaneous articles. The Century Co., New York.

The Popular Science Monthly for November contains: The Industrial Type of Society, by Herbert Spencer; Deterioration of American Oyster Beds, (I) by Lieutenant Francis Winslow; Volcanoes, their Action and Distribution, (illustrated); Physical Education, by Felix L. Oswald; A Half Century of Science, (I) by Sir John Lubbock; Organic Remains in Meteoric Stones, by Francis Bingham; The Available Energy of Nature, by Sir William Thomson; The Duration of Human Life, by M. De Solaville; Worry, by Dr. J. Mortimer Granville; American Climate and Character, by Edward C. Towne; Sketch of George Jarvis Brush, by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury (with portrait); Correspondence, Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany and Notes. D. Appleton & Co. publishers, New York.

Potter's American Monthly for November contains the following articles, several of which are finely illustrated: Along the Moselle and the Rhine; Nicht Versteh; Electricity the Force of the Future; Lora; Wild Fruit; continuation of Kith and Kin; The Furies; Love's Jealousy; Marriage Notes; Dean Stanley; The Bread we Eat; The Charms of Music; Lost and Found, etc., etc. The departments are also very well filled with entertaining matter. Potter & Co., publishers, Phila.

Appleton's Journal for November contains the following interesting articles: An Adventure in the Philippine Island; Saints and Sinners; Rambles Among Books; Arab Humor; Suit the Action to the Word; Over-Production; Mr. Cimabue Brown on the Defensive; Recollections of George Borrow; My Troubles in Russia; Electricity as a Factor in Happiness; Brigandage in Macedonia, etc., etc. The departments are all full of fresh and entertaining matter. Appleton & Co., New York.

The Nursery for November is full as it always is of good things for young readers. In the variety and interest of its matter and illustrations it brings not only pleasure but improvement. 15 cents a copy. Nursery Publishing Co., 36 Broomfield Street, Boston.

NEW MUSIC.

The Musical World for October not only contains a vast amount of well-edited musical information, but six pieces of choice music, the market price of which alone would be several dollars. We can commend this publication to our musical readers as something worth their attention. Brainard & Co., publishers, Cleveland, O.

THOUSANDS of ladies to-day cherish grateful remembrances of the help derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It positively cures all female complaints. Enclose a stamp to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for her pamphlets.

MY GERALDINE.

You have not changed, my Geraldine,
Your voice is just as sweet and low,
You are as fairy-like in mien,
As four and twenty months ago.
Since Hymen tied the fatal knot
I've basked within your glance's beam;
Your beauty has not dimmed a jot,
You realize a poet's dream.

A poet craves for boundless love
And beauty of the first degree;
I'd do with less than that, my dove—
I'm much more moderate than he.
The gleam from dark-fringed eyelids sent,
The witchery of tone and look,
I would forego to some extent,
My Geraldine—if you could cook!

—C. I. O.

Humorous.

Valuable lost time—A missing watch.

The circular saw is said to have an off-hand way about it.

The man who knows you well may forget all about you when you are ill.

The man who struck an attitude has not yet been prosecuted for assault and battery.

It rains so hard in some portions of California that the fish scoot under the rocks to keep dry.

The æsthetics of Boston are daily gaining strength and assurance. They now speak of hash as "a mosaic."

A negro aged 110 years has just been married in Georgia, and the papers are wishing him a long and happy life.

He couldn't raise the mortgage on his building lots, and so, poor man, without becoming blind, he lost his site.

All that is needed to sell mining stock is a water-colored map, two pieces of ore purchased at a jeweler's, and a man with cheek and a fool with money.

A Detroit man was astonished the other day to find that the telephone could talk French. He said he had a kind of an idea that it was an American invention.

"Lay off your overcoat, or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a western inn to a guest, who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I'm afraid of," returned the man. "The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat. I didn't feel it when I went out, and haven't felt it since."

The Doctors Disagree

as to the best methods and remedies for the cure of constipation an I disordered liver and kidneys. But those that have used Kidney-Wort agree that it is by far the best medicine known. Its action is prompt, thorough and lasting. Don't take Pills and other mercurials that poison the system, but by using Kidney-Wort restore the natural action of the organs.—New Covenant.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 823 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

One of the Reasonable Pleasures

of life, a properly-cooked meal, affords little or no present enjoyment, and much subsequent torture to a confirmed dyspeptic. But when chronic indigestion is combatted with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the food is eaten with relish, and most important of all, is assimilated by and nourishes the system. Use this grand tonic and corrective also to remedy constipation, biliousness, rheumatism, fever and ague.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

SCROLL SAW DESIGNS.
Send for New Catalogue. L. B. Russell, Stratford, Ct

250 MOTTOES & 100 New Songs, no 2 alike with 2 Love Letters 15c. West & Co., Westville, Ct

20 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, with name, 10c. postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

DR. C. W. BENSON, of Baltimore, Md.,

Inventor and proprietor of the celebrated Celery and Chamomile Pills. These Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Paralysis, Sleeplessness and Dyspepsia, and will cure any case, no matter how obstinate, if properly used. They are not a cureall, but only for those special diseases. They contain no opium, morphine, or quinine and are not a purgative, but regulate the bowels and cure constipation by curing or removing the cause of it. They have a charming effect upon the skin, and a lovely, quieting effect upon the nervous system, simply by feeding its ten thousand hungry—yes, in some cases starving absorbents. They make or create nerve matter, and give power, force and buoyancy to the nerves, and in that way increase mental power, endurance and brilliancy of mind. Nobody that has a nervous system should neglect to take them two or three months in each year, as a nerve food, if for no other purpose.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S
SKIN CURE
Is Warranted to Cure
ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

DR. BENSON'S NEW HEALTH

CELEBRATED PREPARATION

All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES *free*, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferers. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

A LIBERAL OFFER!

A FINE STEEL ENGRAVING of PRESIDENT GARFIELD, by the celebrated artist, PERINE, mailed to every one who sends 25c. for one year's subscription to the *Educational Visitor and Temperance Banner*, an 8-page monthly. Address CENTRAL EDUCATIONAL BUREAU, 125 Chestnut St., Philada.

OLD HICKORY CEMENT.

The best on earth for mending everything! 25c. bottle sent as sample, postpaid, on receipt of 25c. Catalogue of 1000 fast-selling articles free. F. NASON & CO., Manufacturers, 111 Nassau St., New York.

FLORENCE
OIL - STOVES
—AND—
HEATERS.

No Smoke,
No Smell,
Absolutely NON-EXPLOSIVE.

Send for circular and Price-List.

S. E. Corner 7th & Arch Sts.,

Philadelphia, Pa.

ASTHMA Quickly and Permanently CURED

Dr. Stinson's Asthma Remedy is unequaled as a positive Alterative and Cure for Asthma and Dyspepsia, and all their attendant evils. It does not merely afford temporary relief, but is a permanent cure. Mrs. B. F. Lee, of Belmore, O., says of it: "*I am surprised at the speedy effects of your remedy. It is the first medicine in six years that has loosened my cough and made expectoration easy. I now sleep all night without coughing.*" If your druggist does not keep it, send for treatise and testimonials to

H. P. K. PECK & CO.,
853 Broadway, New York.

Fits

A Leading London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of Epileptic Fits.

From Am. Journ. of Medicine

Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London) who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician; his success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing, successfully cured by him; he has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address

DR. A. B. MESEROLE, No. 96 John St., New York.

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Fay's Water-Proof Building Material

For Roofs, Walls & Ceilings In place of Plaster, Made also into Carpets.

W. H. FAY, Camden, N. J.
Successor to G. J. FAY.

ESTABLISHED

Circular and Sample sent *free*.

HUSBAND'S
CALCINED MAGNESIA.

Four First Premium Medals Awarded.

More agreeable to the taste, and smaller dose than any other Magnesia.

For sale in Government-stamped Bottles, at Druggists' and Country Stores, and by

T. J. HUSBAND, JR., PHILADELPHIA.

ANOTHER BOOM FOR AGENTS.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK is decidedly THE BEST!

"The Prince and the Pauper,"

Will outsell all his previous works, and offers you the best chance of your life to make money rapidly. Old agents will act promptly and secure choice territory, and we advise you to do the same. Outfits now ready. *Send at once* for circulars and terms to

E. N. HINCKLEY, Publisher,
148, Canal St., Chicago, Ill.

BEST We have the best selling Ten Cent Article in the world. One agent ordered 100, Sept. 18th, 200 Sept. 23d, 300 Sept. 28th, 900 Oct. 4th, 900 Oct. 8th, 500 Oct. 14th, 600 Oct. 22d, 500 Oct. 29th, 500 Nov. 1st. Total, 4,400 in 43 days. The same agent sold 288 in two days, and says it is the best selling article he ever saw. Tip Top people. Sample with terms, 10 Cents. WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 122 Nassau Street, New York.

Book of over 150 Elegant Needle-Work Designs for Embroidery of all kinds, Lace-work, &c, with diagrams showing the method of making all the stitches; 12c; 2 for 20c. postpaid. PATTEN & CO., 47 Barclay St., N. Y.

The Wonderful Mechanical
$5. PIANO-ETTE $5.
THE MOST MARVELOUS INSTRUMENT OF THE AGE.

Difficult and classic music produced in a marvelous style. Can be played by a child. Price, only $5. Music, 20 cts. a tune. Automatic and Mechanical Organs, $15 to $50 each. Music, &c. cts. a feet. Cabinet Organs, $120 each. Musical Instruments of all descriptions, wholesale and retail. Agents wanted. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue.

MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO., Mfrs.,
55 and 57 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Facetiæ.

How to keep even with the world—Don't be odd.

Persons of abandoned habits—Dealers in old clothes.

Horse thieves in Texas are serenaded by string bands.

A corn dodger—A man who avoids wearing tight boots.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree? Answer—The undertaker.

Old gold is the prevailing color, but it takes new gold to procure it.

When water gets to be $2 a bottle, fashionable people will prefer it to champagne.

"Excuse the liberty I take," as the convict remarked when he made his escape from the State prison.

"Darn your rise!" the poor man said to the coal-dealer who advanced the price of coal fifty cents per ton.

This country is never without its evil. Just about the time the fly disappears politics begin to get active.

"We are out of sight of land on the lake, Will," said our little six-year-old. "I guess the shore's fell in."

Charity covereth a multitude of scenes; the devil has one redeeming trait. He never gives a boarder a cold room.

It is said that there are seventy-eight methods of adulterating beer. And yet how many thousands of adults drink it.

"What will you do when I am dead?" asked a mother, fondly, of her little girl. "Eat up all the sugar," was the reply.

The Russians ought to make good Arctic explorers, because they control the Poles, and can get at them without any difficulty.

Small things are likened to a grain of sand, but when you bite on the grain of sand in a biscuit you see the mistake in the comparison.

Editors in this country are always behind the age. In Iceland the editors carry the papers about and trade them for dried meat and whisky.

"The mill will never grind with the water that is past," maybe, but the hand-organ grinds right along with the airs that are past a couple of hundred years.

"I have come to the conclusion," said Brown, "that the less a man knows the happier he is." "Allow me to congratulate you, Brown," said Fogg.

The acme of politeness was reached by the Nevada mining superintendent, who posted a placard, reading: "Please do not tumble down the shaft."

There is something radically wrong about our professions when a pious minister only gets forty cents for joining a couple, and a wicked lawyer gets $40 for untying the same.

Young man, the world revolves. While you are getting glad that the ice-cream and soda-water season is about over, the church fair and theatre season will immediately follow.

The witness said that the laundryman, very much ruffled, collared the boy and gave him a cuff, because he caught him in the act of stocking himself with the contents of the drawers.

A few days ago Maud wanted to go barefooted, like the boys. In a little while she came in, saying, "Mamma, my feet are all wearing out, and papa will have to get me some new ones."

An effort will be made this season to introduce full dress for gentlemen at the opera. There seems to be an impression that a man doesn't enjoy music in garments made to hang around the streets in.

"Patrick, how many days do I owe you for?" "Three days, yer honor." "Why, how do you make that out?" "Monday was one day, and Tuesday was two days, which makes three—three days, sir."

A New Jersey tobacconist displays a frankness that speaks well for his honesty,—or some other quality. His advertisement says: "I shall continue to keep on hand imported cigars of my own manufacture."

A Manayunk man saw advertised "a sure cure for drunkenness." He forwarded the necessary dollar, and received by return mail, written on a valuable postal card, in beautiful violet ink, the magic words, "Don't drink."

There is only one woman we know of who can let other women pass without looking after them to see whether their polonaises are shirred in the elbow or cut bias on the watch-pocket. The woman we have reference to is a tobacco-sign on Pine street.

"I threw this off in ten minutes," softly said the poet, placing a manuscript on the editorial table. The editor said that when it came to speed no long-haired poet should distance him. And he threw it off in less than ten seconds—off the table into the waste-basket.

"The mainspring of Italian music in the eighteenth century," says a recent writer, "was the exclusive and passionate worship of the human voice." The mainspring of Italian music in the nineteenth century, as near as we can figure it, is in the organ-grinder's arm.

There are two farmers in Jersey whose property adjoins. One of them raised a full crop of potatoes in a certain field, while his neighbor's field on the other side of the fence produced not a potato. This singular circumstance is explained by the fact that the latter didn't plant any potatoes in the field in question.

A Kentucky paper recently stated that a prominent citizen was "greatly troubled with insomnia." After the editor had got out of the hospital he decided to never again use anything but plain language in writing of his fellow-townsmen. Kentuckians are not troubled with an extraordinarily large amount of education, but they shoot straight, and make explanations afterwards.

An Irish lady who is quite on her guard against betraying her national accent, is reported to have spoken lately of the "creature of Vesuvius," fearing that the "crater" would betray her origin.

Two sulky lovers sat with averted hands for half an hour without speaking a word. At last he ventured to ask: "How do you like it, my dear?" "First rate, thank you," said she, "it keeps my back warm."

"A good husband makes a good wife," says a philosopher, but he stops there, and don't say what he "makes" her do. Probably build the fire for him in the morning, or sit up late for him at night.

Liquid or Dry.

Some people prefer to purchase medicines in the dry state, so that they can see for themselves that they are purely vegetable. Others have not the time or desire to prepare the medicine and wish it all ready to use.

To accommodate each class, the proprietors of Kidney-Wort now offer that well-known remedy in both Liquid and Dry form.

Sold by druggists everywhere.—Truth.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists. "GO

KIDNEY WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES! WHY?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

SEE WHAT PEOPLE SAY:

Eugene B. Stork, of Junction City, Kansas, says, Kidney-Wort cured him after regular Physicians had been trying for four years.

Mrs. John Arnall, of Washington, Ohio, says her boy was given up to die by four prominent physicians and that he was afterwards cured by Kidney-Wort.

M. M. B. Goodwin, an editor in Chardon, Ohio, says he was not expected to live, being bloated beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured him.

Anna L. Jarrett of South Salem, N. Y., says that seven years suffering from kidney troubles and other complications was ended by the use of Kidney-Wort.

John B. Lawrence of Jackson, Tenn., suffered for years from liver and kidney troubles and after taking "barrels of other medicines," Kidney-Wort made him well.

Michael Cote of Montgomery Center, Vt., suffered eight years with kidney difficulty and was unable to work. Kidney-Wort made him "well as ever."

KIDNEY-WORT

PERMANENTLY CURES

KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Constipation and Piles.

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.

It acts with equal efficiency in either form.

GET IT AT THE DRUGGISTS. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'r's, BURLINGTON, VT.

(Will send the dry post-paid.)

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SUPERSEDED BY THE WONDERFUL NEW DIAMONDS.

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A PRINCELY GIFT!
A GORGEOUS PREMIUM!!
SCIENCE TRIUMPHANT!
DETECTION IMPOSSIBLE!!
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Diamante Brilliants must not be confounded with the French paste and glass imitations, mounted in cheap gilt or plated settings, with which the country is flooded under the various fancy names given to so-called "imitation diamonds." Diamante Brilliants were exhibited side by side with real diamonds of great value at the Paris Exhibition and were awarded a Prize Medal, and the highest recompense awarded to imitations. They attracted universal admiration, and immediately took the place of, and were interlinked with, costly diamond ornaments, and are now worn at the Court balls and upon all occasions among the best society in London, Paris, and all the capitals of Europe. **Diamante Brilliants** can be worn at all times, in daylight or gaslight, with perfect confidence and absolute security, as they possess all the brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to real diamonds, and are the only PERFECT SUBSTITUTES FOR DIAMONDS OF THE FIRST WATER. By their purity and brilliancy they bear comparison with old mine diamonds, and resemble them so closely that detection is almost impossible. They are superior in every respect to real diamonds of inferior quality. The investigations, experiments, and labor of two generations have been expended in bringing these remarkable jewels to their present state of perfection. They are produced chemically by a secret process, known only to the inventors, and they possess all the rare beauty of the gems they counterfeit.

PRESS OPINIONS OF DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS:

"Their lustre and brilliancy elicit universal admiration."—*Court Journal*.—"Products of perfect purity."—*Journal Society of the Arts*.—"Certainly far nearer in resemblance to real diamonds than anything we have seen."—*The Mechanic*.—"A great achievement."—*Land and Water*.—"The refractive power is equal to real diamonds of the purest water."—*World of Science*.—"They successfully fulfil all the purposes for which real diamonds (even of the first quality) are utilized."—*London Times*.—"Ladies who can afford to wear the real gem will henceforth reserve them for indoors, for since the advent of 'Diamante Brilliants' things are no longer what they seem."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*.

The reputation of **Diamante Brilliants** is permanently established abroad, and we take great pleasure in bringing them prominently to the notice of Americans. To do so properly requires some nerve and a liberal outlay of capital. These magnificent stones are imported especially for us, and are set in SOLID GOLD, made in Philadelphia to our order, by one of the largest firms engaged in the manufacture of pure gold jewelry in this country. All the stones are set by professional diamond-setters, and as much skill bestowed upon them as with the precious stones. For the purpose of simplifying our business we use but three sizes of the New Diamonds. **The Ring, warranted solid gold, one-half karat stone. The Earrings, warranted solid gold, each 1 karat stone. The Stud, warranted solid gold, 2 karat stone.** The illustrations give an accurate outline of the style and setting, but no illustration or description can give an idea of their rare beauty. THEY MUST BE SEEN TO BE APPRECIATED. A Ring, same style and quality of setting, but with an inferior stone, has never been sold for less than $4.00. We can safely say the same of the Studs and Earrings, of inferior quality and style, have never been sold for less than $6.00. In London, to-day, Diamante Brilliants, same size stone and quality of settings, are selling for three to four times the prices named above, and we believe them well worth $5 each. SO MUCH FOR THEIR VALUE, AS WE WANT YOUR CLEAREST UNDERSTANDING.

"What! all this trouble and expense about a Premium for your paper?" Yes, Indeed! We can't select a Premium that will please everybody in a day, or a year, perhaps, yet we have expended so much time, thought, and labor on these—we are having the settings made, and the mounting under our own roof almost—we feel emphatically they will make every recipient happy. We are ambitious to give THE POST the largest circle of readers of any weekly on the Continent, and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. THE POST is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America—now in its sixtieth year—and our Superb Diamond Premiums offer deserve more attention than the many tempting promises of irresponsible parties. THE POST is a large, sixteen-page weekly, and aims to interest every member of the home circle. *At $2 a year it is the cheapest paper in existence to-day.* THIS IS NOT A CHEAP JEWELRY ADVERTISEMENT. **We don't sell Diamante Brilliants; we Give them away to Subscribers, and to Club Raisers for The Post.**

For a Premium to Each Subscriber Read Terms on Page 8.

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Goods sent all over the U. S. by mail, and samples sent when requested.

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With Thirty Changes of Positions.

READING POSITION.

Parlor, Library, Invalid Chair, Child's Crib, Rest, or Lounge, combining beauty, lightness, strength, simplicity, and comfort. Everything to an exact science. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Goods shipped C. O. D. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular, and quote SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Be Rich Like other people. It's easy done if you only know how. All you need is to be started right. I will reveal the Secret to you FREE, if sent for to-day. Don't neglect this if you want Money. Address,

M. YOUNG, 173 Greenwich Street, New York.

Agents wanted. $5 a Day made selling our NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 24 lbs. Sells at $1.50. DOMESTIC SCALE CO., Cincinnati, O.

50 ELEGANT New Imported Styles of Chromos, Oar Fruit, Flowers and Bird Series, in Beautiful Colors, name in Fancy Script-Type, 10c. Agents Sample-Book, 25c. CARD MILLS, Northford, Ct.

AGENTS Can now grasp a fortune; outfit worth $10 free. RIDEOUT, & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

20 Finest Gilt and Bevel Edge Cards—not Chromos with name 10c. Acme Card Co., Somerville, N. Y.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. THEO. A. HARBACH, 509 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

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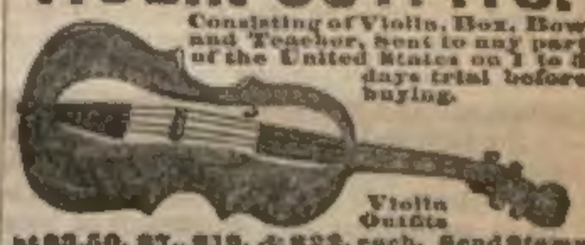

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Address The Social Visitor, Box 5139, Boston, Mass.

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We will send free by mail a sample set of our German, French, English and American Fancy Cards, with a price list of over a hundred different designs, on receipt of a stamp for postage. They are not advertising cards, but large, fine picture chromo cards, on gold, silver, and tinted grounds forming the finest collection in the world. We will also enclose a confidential price list of our large and small chromos. Address, F. GLEASON & CO., 48 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

Agents Wanted EVERYWHERE to sell the best **Family Knitting Machine** ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with **HEEL and TOE complete**, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work, for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the **Twombly Knitting Machine Co.**, 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF By sending 25c money, or 50c postage stamps, with age, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife with name and date of marriage. W. FOX, Box 46, Fultonville, N.Y.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 50 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

70 YOUR NAME Printed with new copper-plate type, on 70 New and Elegant Bouquet, Scroll, Bird and Gold Chromo Cards, Style, Beauty and Quality can't be beat, for 25c. Samples 10 cents. Address, G. A. SPRING, New Haven, Conn.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame Wambold, 34 Sawyer St., Boston, Mass.

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40 Floral Hand and Bouquet Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Franklin Printing Co., New Haven, Ct.

GUNS Revolvers, Big Bargains. 44-page Catalogue free. Lowest prices known. C. B. W. BAYAS, Boston, Mass.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE following are some of the newest and most tasteful models of dresses: A traveling dress is of camels hair striped with plush. Round the skirt is a deep flounce, pleated in such a manner that only the plush stripes are visible. The polonaise is of green camels hair with square basque opening over a waistcoat of Pekin plush; the polonaise is open in front to show the wide striped flounce, and is edged with a reverse of Pekin plush. The collar and cuffs are also of plush. At the end of the seam on each front is sewn a small string of moire ribbon, the strings being tied together in a pretty bow. This striped plush for trimming is quite a novelty; it consists of alternate woollen and plush stripes each an inch wide; the woollen stripes are made up of mixed greens, the plush stripes are a rich myrtle green. A short vetement of camels hair is worn with this dress, edged with a wide Pekin plush band; the sleeves are also trimmed with it and it is fastened with green silk cords, edged with chenille tassels; the vetement is lined with plush the color of the woollen stripes. This very stylish traveling dress is finished off by a green felt hat with two long feathers, both being placed on the same side, and, hanging behind, reach almost to the middle of the back; the feathers are fastened to the hat by a bright humming-bird.

A Recamier costume has the skirt of seal-brown silk, with a band of shaded velvet placed quite flat about twenty inches from the edge; this shaded velvet consists of stripes of many widths and many colors, crossed here and there with moire waterings, giving the material a very bright effect. Below the velvet band are three narrow pleatings matching some important shade in the velvet. The long tablier is of brown satin de Lyon, and falls over the velvet band, a wide revers of velvet ten inches high edging it; the sides of the tablier are gauged with a heading three inches high, lined with velvet, and are sewn to the back breadth of the tunic; the tunic is arranged behind the three puffs of satin de Lyon, each puff being separated by eight rows of gauging. The corsage is of velvet, curved on the hips and forming a puff lined with satin at the back; the sleeves are of velvet to the elbow, the rest is of puffed satin. The hat to accompany this costume is of long-haired felt, lined with bouillonne satin de Lyon, with five small feathers on the left side, and a long Amazon feather starting from under the small feathers and falling behind. On the right side is a drapery of velvet like that of the dress, with an old silver buckle. A very large lace collar and cuffs of old Valenciennes are generally worn with this very artistic costume.

The Louis XV. costumes and the Camargo corsages continue in great favor, and will be in vogue through the Autumn.

A suitable costume for half-mourning is of striped black and white silk. The skirt consists of three pleatings of the striped silk; between these flounces and the basques of the corsage is a scarf of plain black silk, gauged perpendicularly in front and forming a drapery behind; this scarf is edged with very rich jet fringe. The corsage is of striped silk, the basques being edged with a wide bias of plain black silk, which is totally covered with a rich jet netting, and edged with fringe. The cuffs are of black silk and jet, and the buttons are covered with jet. The sleeves are made long, and the neck is trimmed with a wide shawl collar of black silk.

Another handsome black dress is of velvet and striped satin and moire. The skirt is covered with three wide flounces of velvet; above this, covering the edges of the basques, is a very rich drapery of the striped material, which is gracefully arranged behind over the velvet flounces. The corsage with basques is also of the striped material, with elegant old silver buttons and cuffs of black velvet; the sleeves are long.

A dress of seal brown cashmere and satin is made very much in the same style, but the under-skirt is quite different; it consists entirely of gauged satin, edged with a brown cashmere, is short in front, looking almost like a scarf, but long and well draped behind; the corsage is of brown satin, made with basques draped over the tunic; a sash of brown satin, loosely tied, hiding the junctures of the pointed corsage and basques. The long sleeves have gauged cuffs.

Another dress, also of brown satin and cashmere, is no less becoming; the brown is, however, of a much paler shade; the skirt consists alternately of gauged bands and bouillonnes of satin, edged with a pleated satin flounce, not very deep, pleated in box-pleats. The cashmere tunic, rather short, fits the figure just below the waist, and is draped behind; the bodice is also of brown cashmere, with a gauged panel both back and front, gauged at the neck and waist only, the material between forming a bouillonne; the cuffs are of gauged satin.

The large wide-brimmed hats this year are of very becoming shapes, turned down on one side, and turned up partly in front and the other side, or on the side only; they are of various materials, beaver and felt both being very fashionable: the beaver hats are generally enormously large, the brim being very wide, and are very becoming to tall people; they are trimmed with magnificent feathers, the size of the brim necessitating richness and length; therefore, these hats will be very expensive, but are certainly most handsome and stylish.

One large beaver of a delicate fawn color has for its sole trimming a really superb feather of exactly the same shade; thick, supple, long, graceful, it has adjusted itself exactly to the hat, and the effect, of course, is exquisite.

The large grey felt hats are also very becoming, but the shapes are hardly so graceful as the beavers, this, however, being quite a matter of taste; one grey felt has its brim lined with pleated plush, a drapery of plush encircling the crown, and a grey feather starting from a plush bow.

Some of these large hats are entirely covered with plush or velvet the effect being very stylish; one is of flat maroon plush, trimmed with a long shaded moroon feather; another of brown velvet has the material arranged flat on the crown and upper part of the brim, which is, however, lined with the pleated material; this brim is turned up in front, and a very long feather comes from behind and curls over the brim in front; this feather is beautifully shaded from deep brown to pale orange.

An enormous hat of plain black velvet has a large white feather placed under the brim; there are none above, the hat being only trimmed with wide black Spanish lace.

Feather turbans will be more worn than any other class of head covering by young ladies during the intermediate season between summer and fall. They are composed of smoothly laid breast and back feathers of the impean pheasant, seagull, partridge, prairie hen and even the domestic fowl, cock's plumes being extensively used in these turbans as well as in combination with other plumage for bonnet trimmings. Turbans of plush, mingled with plumage, will also be much more worn. These are more irregular in shape and admit of a variety of trimmings, such as a bow or tip of bright color. Doves are a favorite object used in this manner. There are also worn with these turbans a pretty muff, scarcely more than a dainty satchel or moucholr and purse receptacle. These are very much like those of last season, being made of plush, lined with lace and satin, and are ornamented with a small parrot or a dove, a bright ribbon around its neck giving a touch of color to the subdued tones used in the other materials.

A correspondent, writing to a Cincinnati paper says: Fashionable women seem to have become convinced at last that painting the face is the height of folly. Possibly some of the reform has been compelled by the electric light, in the cruel illumination of which the faintest touch of powder or rouge is revealed. Our streets are now so full of it that in the evening, when the face painters do their worst, any artificial coloring is more palpable than at noonday. The pigment formerly doubled on the eyebrows has to be altogether discarded, and the most offensive practice in this line that remains at all common is the reddening of the lips. Somebody has patented a device for making the slits in letter-boxes visible in the night time. It consists in outlining the aperture with luminous paint. Perhaps some of our girls similarly treat their mouths with bright red, so that kisses in the dark may be feasible.

Fireside Chat.

THE pretty Watteau cretonne, with groups of figures on it, is much in request just now for decorative purposes. Coverings for sofa cushions, square ottomans, blotters, the centres of small square tablecloths, chair backs with lace falling from the edges, and quilts, are all arranged from it. A quilt recently shown me was very effective. The centre was composed of a Watteau group and measured about three-quarters of a yard square. It was bordered with dark claret velvet ribbon, tolerably wide, and then beyond with pale blue cretonne, finished off with a binding of the same colored velvet. In each of the four corners a Watteau group had been cut out and cleverly applique, the figures and leaves being brought into relief with colored silks. The centre group was worked over in the same way. At the corners of the velvet bordering (measuring from 5in. to 6in. wide) pale blue silk was worked in feather-stitch pattern, to hide the joins. The quilt was lined with pale blue sateen, and was a very handsome piece of work. Another novelty in quilts is a foundation of silver-grey sheeting, with border of vine leaves, worked in claret-colored arrasene at a little distance from the edge, and two crossed vine leaves studded over the entire surface at equal distance. The leaves are larger round the border than in the centre of the quilt, and are all of one color—of a rich purple shade. An ornamental quilt can be arranged with a centre of gold-colored satin sheeting, on which is worked a handsome Berlin-wool pattern; the canvas is all drawn away, and a broad guipure d'art insertion added all round; then two 6in. wide puffs of the satin sheeting, divided by a second row of insertion, and a fall of guipure d'art lace terminating it. The lining should be of a contrasting color, to show through the lace. The puffed sheeting is managed by plaiting the strip at each edge on to a band of muslin. Circular and square cushions can be made up in this style in satin, and look very pretty.

A revival of very old work is carried out in the following way, for cushions, quilts, footstools, and the seats of chairs. A bold design is first drawn in outline, of large flowers and leaves, on a piece of material, and over the outline is tacked a piping cord to mark the design. Over the whole is placed colored satin, which is secured at the edges; the raised outlines are then brought into relief by a row of stitching at each side of the piping cord. Any design will answer the purpose, and need not of necessity be floral. The material on which it is traced and the cord sewn can be of any description, as it does not show; the silk used for stitching is the same color as the satin. No doubt many ladies have samples of this old-fashioned work by them, which would illustrate what I have described. The borders of satin coverlets were frequently ornamented in this style of work the design being undulating, and old wooden arm chairs have the seat cushions of the same.

Some new chairbacks are of thin oatmeal cloth, and have the figure of a woman in foreign national dress, first worked in outline, and then filled in with small pieces of colored stuff. For instance, a tiny scrap of white muslin would form the high cap, a piece of red cashmere the skirt, another piece of muslin the apron, and an atom of black velvet the bodice. I merely give these colors as an example, as the character of the figure, and even the sex, is left to the taste and fancy of the worker. A sailor boy, or a little girl in short quaint costume, could be arranged. The corners of a quilt, the border of a cloth or serge tablecloth, or the back of a blotting book might be originally ornamented thus.

The backs of blotting books are frequently now covered with pretty cretonne, without binding, with a bow of satin ribbon in the centre of the upper side, and a fancy beetle or fly sewn on. Scented sachets, made of satin, and intended for perfuming handkerchiefs and other articles of dress in a drawer, have a bow of satin and a bird on one side; a green parrakeet, of a good size, is a fashionable ornament for the time. The bird is just placed towards the centre of loops of ribbon, where the ends meet, with the wings stretched out or not, according to fancy.

A pretty violin case of satin can be decorated with a little work of gold filoselle chain stitch, and a small star or flower in each space, worked in chenille. A very beautiful standing screen, lately seen, was arranged in the following way: The four panels were of deep old-gold satin sheeting, with a dado of dark brown velvet. On the velvet was worked a trellis in shaded-brown crewels, touched up with greenish greys and a little red as if lichen was growing on the wood. Each trellis bar measured a little over one inch and a half in width, and there were seven crossed pieces in each panel.

Climbing in and out, and high above the trellis, were sprays of fern, high-growing daisies, foxgloves, honeysuckle, and a poppy or two with leaves. On the top bar was perched a singing bird; above hovered some rich tinted butterflies, and higher still some flying birds. The birds were life-size. The frame was of black, stained, unvarnished wood, and the panels each about half a yard wide and a yard high. Each panel was slightly varied as to the position of flowers and birds. This was a beautiful piece of work.

Some novel hand screens are made of satin stretched over a wire frame bent into the shape of a large fan. On one side a broad band of artificial leaves or flowers is sewn, and the simulated sticks are painted or made with gold paper, pasted on to satin. Artificial leaves, flowers, berries, etc., come in for placing in the middle of a bow of satin ribbon, and decorating wall baskets, satin sachets, or palm-leaf hand screens—all of them so ornamented, are fashionable now. A novelty in patchwork is produced by forming squares and diamonds of narrow folded silk, sewn together, the two halves of the squares being different. The scraps are folded at the corners, and very small ones come in for the centre of the square. Sometimes a larger piece is kept for the centre, and a flower worked on it. The scraps are turned over paper, as in ordinary patchwork, and removed afterwards. With flannel or print scraps is equally effective.

A small folding table screen, standing on a table, was shown me recently, prettily ornamented with shells and delicate dried seaweed. The background was colored paper, and the shells formed flowers. This may be an idea for those living by the sea. The work had been executed by boys in their holidays.

Correspondence.

POST, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The salary of the Mayor of Philadelphia is $5,000.

READER, (Benton, Ark.)—1. The works of Thomas a'Kempis were written in Latin. 2. They have been translated into almost every language spoken by Christians.

SUB, (Calhoun, Mich.)—Yours is a question which has been long and ardently discussed, and persons equally intelligent are found ranged on opposite sides.

LILY, (Bedford, Va.)—A pair of slippers of your own working would be a very suitable present to give to your betrothed; but if you are going to give yourself to the gentleman, all other presents are trivial in comparison.

PATTEN, (West Virginia.)—Fanny Janauschek, the Bohemian tragic actress, was born at Prague. Her name is pronounced Ya-now-shek, with the accent on the first syllable, and the "a" pronounced as in "far."

DAISY, (Orange, N.C.)—When you leave in the evening do not say anything expressive of your obligation for the honor they have done you in inviting you to tea, or anything of that sort; simply say good-bye to them in the accustomed manner.

SPANIARD, (Washington, O.)—Mason and Dixon's line is the southern boundary of Pennsylvania, separating it from Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. The line was laid out and was run in part by two English engineers, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, in 1763-67, being completed in 1782-84.

R. A. L., (Lee, Ill.)—The lady has a right to be discontented and angry with you if you go away and leave her for weeks together without cause. But if business calls you away and you explain this to her and she persists in being angry with you notwithstanding, why, the best thing you can do is to let her nurse her wrath, and look out for some other lady who is not so unreasonable.

PAR, (Logan, Ark.)—1. The morning is the best time for study. 2. Yes; you can improve the memory; the way to proceed about it is this: begin by committing to memory a dozen lines of prose or poetry every day, say for a week; the following week try twenty lines a day; increase this number still further the third week, and so on. If you keep this up for a year or two, you will then have a better memory than most people.

JAMES, (Louisville, Ky.)—Nature should teach you the way to kiss your sweetheart so as to please her. But if it has made an exception of you in this particular, the next best thing you can do is to apply to your sweetheart herself; she, no doubt will condescend to instruct you. It is true, of course, she may prefer a man who is already perfect in the osculatory art. In that case, you may have recourse to the stage, either lyric or dramatic.

CORNS, (Quebec, Can.)—To make boots and shoes waterproof, and to successfully resist the snow-water, take mutton suet and sperm oil—one-third of all to two-thirds of suet; render the suet, strain, and while boiling put in the oil. Mix well, and when cold it is fit for use; then rub in well with the hand, near a warm fire. 2. We received your second letter, and reply that your above inquiry had to await its turn.

ANN, (Pittsburg, Pa.)—If you wish to get rid of the young man who has come about you for three years, but who of late has excited your displeasure by keeping unreasonable hours and chaffing you about other ladies, tell him plainly that he must stop visiting you. If he persists in visiting you after this, ask your father or brother to speak to him. If you have no father or brother, apply to the police and they will afford you the protection needed.

MINNIE, (Miamee, Ind.)—"Who was the original of Robinson Crusoe?" It is believed that the great novelist Defoe first met with the name on a tombstone in a graveyard. The rarity of the name and possibly the fact that its owner had been a sailor, commended it for his purpose. The Crusoe family is an old one in the English town of Lynn, and there is no other family of the name known than the one which hails from that locality. Curiously enough, they have usually been seafaring people.

W. W. W., (Wayne, Mo.)—"Did not the United States buy and pay for Arizona and New Mexico? Was not California acquired by conquest? Did the United States ever pay Mexico for California?" In 1848, at the close of the Mexican war, New Mexico, of which Arizona then was a part, was ceded to the United States. In 1853 the borders of Arizona were enlarged by the Gadsden Purchase. California was acquired and the possession was confirmed to the United States by the Convention of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

SMOKER, (Roane, Tenn.)—Medical authorities differ widely on these questions, the most respectable holding entirely different views as to the effects of tobacco upon the system. It is not to be forgotten, however, that the use of tobacco is specially to be avoided by persons who have not reached their full bodily development. Medical authorities are able to trace to its extreme use certain forms of pharyngitis, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, and so-called nervousness. Oculists recognize a form of blindness known as tobacco amaurosis. Toothache is sometimes relieved by a smoke.

ALEX, (Bourbon, Kans.)—The Battle of the Thirty took place at a spot called Midway Oak, in France, in the year 1351, between thirty French and thirty English knights. General Bemborough was at the head of the English, and General Beaumonde led the French. Each commander selected his best men, and the battle was a desperate one. The English were at first successful; but Bemborough having been killed, the French renewed the struggle with redoubled courage, and finally won the victory. This was considered one of the most heroic exploits of the age, and became so renowned that for many years afterwards, when speaking of a hard-fought field, it was usual to say, "There was never such hard fighting since the Battle of the Thirty."

JESS, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—You may best begin with Green's "History of the English People," which is easy reading and will give you distinct general impressions, usually correct enough. Knight's History might answer a similar purpose, but it is dry. Then, for your special purpose, you must take up Hallam's "Constitutional History of England." Freeman's "Norman Conquest" is also to be read, and for certain periods you will find Hume important. Macaulay you will read, of course, for his vigorous style and strongly-drawn pictures, and Froude, later on, for his literary interest, remembering that he is an advocate and not a Judge. But if you read Froude seriously you will need to read so much beside that we may as well end our list with Macaulay.